THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

BY T. MILLER.

Those Christmas bells so sweetly chime,
As on the day when first they rung
So merrily in the olden time,
And far and wide their music flung
Shaking the tall gray-tried tower,
With all their deep melodious power
They still proclaim to every ear,
"Old Christmas comes but once a year."

He merrily came in days of old,
When roads were few, and ways were foul;
Now staggered—now some ditty trolled,
Now drank deep from his wassail bowl—
Half buried 'neath the mistletoe
His long beard hung with flakes of snow;
And still he ever caroled clear,
"Old Christmas comes but once a year."

But those old times are dead and gone,
And those who hailed them passed away,
Yet still there lingers many a one,
To welcome in old Christmas day.
The poor will many a care forget
And sorrow think not of his debt,
Then let us sing amid good cheer,
"Old Christmas still comes once a year."

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

Author of "Much Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

"THE REST IS SILENCE!"—*Hamlet.*

In Mr. Childerssohn's home there is darkness, and wailing, and the sounds of suppressed weeping. Stretched on a bed in his own room, the master of the house lies like one whose strength is spent utterly, his eyes half shut, his white hair falling unheeded over his sunken, blue-veined temples.

In his hand he holds a bit of paper, a blotched and ink-stained scrawl, which, even in the moments when he seems to sleep, his attendants are unable to take from his convulsive grasp.

It is poor Nellie's farewell message. He sees there the few piteous, wild words which his darling traced when, in her mistaken delirium of love and sorrow, she turned her face away from her best friend and protector she had on earth.

The words are not many, but it would be a cold heart that could read them without one touch of pity and regret for the young, erring wife:

"*I cannot, must not, come back to you. I have been wickedly weak, but not bad. Oh, no! no! but my heart seems broken. I think I shall die. Forgive me! Forgive me, and forget me!*"

When Ellice first gave this note to Mr. Childerssohn, he read it with a face bleached and drawn as if by the gathered chill, the suddenly heaped up wear and tear of all his sixty years. He read it over once, twice, and then once more, slowly.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "What is the matter with Nellie? Why does she write this?"

If Mrs. Shrewsbury had any mind to hide the truth, or gloss it over, it did not avail her. The wronged man, bewildered and anxious, demanded the simple truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So she began the dreary recital.

She described Nellie's adventure with Henderson, their first meeting on the night of their arrival at Newport, the dance, the walk by the sea, the days and evenings of pleasant intercourse that followed. She spoke of Nellie's brightness, her keen enjoyment of Karl's society, and his gallant, if not exactly lover-like, attentions.

The old man will not spare himself one pang. Seated before Ellice, his quick eye reading her changing face, it seemed as if he would plunge his hand into her very heart and draw out the hesitating words before she could give them utterance.

"And that last evening, before she went away?" he said. "What of that? How did she appear?"

Ellice's dark face clouded. She passed her hand over her forehead, trying to remember distinctly.

"I do not think she spoke to me after receiving your letter. Martha Henker, who was in the room with her, says she was much agitated. She went out to walk, and Henderson accompanied her. Unfortunately, Henker was out that night with her sister, and I was kept in bed with a headache. After midnight I slept heavily, and in the morning I found that note on the table. I went at once in search of Henderson, for I must confess I suspected he had a hand in it. But he had not left his room yet, and I read the truth in his face—he knew nothing about it. He parted with Nellie on the avenue the night before—after some bitter words—he owned that. He was terribly shaken, and could not believe it at first. He thought it advisable to keep the matter as quiet as possible, for she would probably come back soon. It could be nothing more serious than a childish freak—a most annoying freak, too."

Mr. Childerssohn threw out his arms with a despairing gesture, and dropped his white head on them.

"My darling! oh, my darling!" he cried. "Why did you not come back to me? Did you not know that I would forgive you everything—everything! I would have gathered you to my heart and held you there till even this pain was gone, and you would have been the bright and winsome Nellie of old days!"

Jennie slips down from her companion's arm and kneels by the side. She places her hands lovingly over the cool, wet turf.

Then comes a long silence. The sun bursts out like a gay laugh, and makes the pretty room, into which this dreadful sorrow has crept, seem ghastly in its mocking brightness. The clock ticks off the hurrying minutes that never will stop, no matter how much we shriek out and rave in anguish.

The door has been left ajar, and an appetizing scent comes up. The dainty dishes that have been so carefully selected for Nellie's pleasure give their aroma beforehand, mingled with many fragrant fumes.

Mrs. Shrewsbury is hungry. She is weary of her long, hard journey, and worn with much excitement, and she is not sorry to greet these evidences of coming dinner. But Mr. Childerssohn sits there by the table, very quiet. He has not once stirred. Finally the stillness becomes oppressive, and Jennie rises.

"Charles!" she remarks, timidly, "Charles!"

He makes no response, and the two women look at each other anxiously. Mrs. Shrewsbury crosses over and lays her hand on his shoulder, thinking she will speak some comforting words to the forlorn, spirit-broken, old man.

As she does so, she catches sight of his face, and the blood bounds back to her heart. She falls back a pace, and then recovering herself, steps forward and raises his head. It slips down, a dead weight against her arm; the poor, white locks fall forward and hide the eyeballs, as if an angel hand were striving pitifully to shield them.

"Oh!" cries Jennie, "he is dead! It has killed him!"

But he is not dead. The physician who is hastily summoned pronounces the trouble a slight shock of paralysis. The patient must be kept very quiet, and he will soon recover; he must have no excitement, but watchful nursing.

In truth Mr. Childerssohn is very quiet. Lying there, with half shut eyes, and Nellie's blotted note, which they can never take from him, in his hand, his mind is keenly working. He goes over and over again that miserable story. He strives to put himself in her place, to judge in what still retreat it is most likely she will seek to hide herself in her despair. For Nellie must be found; found, and brought back again.

"Heaven itself," he says, fiercely, "has not the power to strike him down till Nellie is found and brought back to her home."

This, in grim irony of his half dead body, his sluggish blood, his palsied tongue, over which his words quake dumbly.

The third morning of his illness he sends for Jennie to sit with him. Ellice still stays in the house, but Mr. Childerssohn turns with horror from the sight of her face. In a vague way he attributes to her his desolate hearthstone. Her finger pointed Nellie the downward road. If Ellice had not come to his house, his darling would never have asked to go to Newport.

Jennie comes and silently takes the chair by his bed. She is worn out with weeping and sorrow. All her lovely nut-brown rippled hair is bound plainly about her small head; her hazel eyes are pink and swollen with the tears that have washed them; but in spite of these disfigurements, she is so like Nellie in air, and gait, and gesture, that Mr. Childerssohn groans aloud, seeing her, with a fresh realization of his exceeding great loss. Then he fights, resolutely, his weakness, calling up all his beleaguered powers of body and mind, for the task he has set himself to do.

"Bring me paper—ink," he says, slowly and thickly. The words drag over his palsied tongue, as if some force lay behind, eager to keep them back. "I must write—a letter!"

It is not an easy task, but at length he is bolstered up in bed. Jennie heaps the pillows about him; then she places a large book before him, spreads out the paper on it, and puts the pen in his nerveless hand.

He tries to write, but his fingers quiver violently, and then with a sudden backward jerk of the arm he upsets the ink-bottle. Jennie tries to save it, but too late; a broad purplish-black stream trickles over the dainty, ruffled pillow-slips, staining the white counterpane with an unsightly blotch.

"Oh, my goodness!" cries Jennie. "Whatever will Mrs. Crump say. Look at all this flood of ink."

As if her words had invoked Mrs. Crump's avenging presence, there comes a tap at the door; it swings open, and the housekeeper's broad, red face beams on the guilty pair.

"I thought might be Mr. Childerssohn would like a taste of soup," she says, grimly. "Miss Shrewsbury has been showin' me how to do the mock turtle. A spoonful or two would be bracin' to his stomach after his not eatin' any breakfast."

It is but doing justice to Mrs. Crump to say that she sympathizes, with all her might, in the family affliction. She sighs over the furnace; she drizzles tears in the grocery; she mingles lugubrious ejaculations and warnings with her directions to the housemaid.

"You can do the partaters to-day, Betty; for my part, I feel as if I should drop. Such dreams as I've had for a week back, I knew misfortin' and disastrous tidins' was comin' into the family. Yes, bile 'em. It allers does when I dream so. All last night I carried a baby upstairs, and couldn't git to the top. A travelin' and travelin' and never gettin' any higher. Where's the cheese that goes with the maccoriny? When you dream of children, look out for bad news, my mother used to say. I'm clear tuckered out with just a thinkin' on it."

After her urgent expression of soups, Mrs. Crump catches sight of her master's soiled clothing. She sees his occupation, the blotted paper, the purple-stained pillows and counterpane. Her broad face flushes with real, downright, honest anger and condemnation.

"Writin', when you're not fit to turn your own pillow. And all unatied up, too, in such a mess. I should like to know who prescribed *that* remedy."

"Please help us away with these soiled pieces, Mrs. Crump," says Jennie, meekly. "It was my fault. Mr. Childerssohn wished to write a line, and I was careless with the ink bottle."

When the soiled clothing and Mrs. Crump at length disappear, grumbling, together, Mr. Childerssohn turns again, eagerly, to Jennie.

"Shut the door—lock—bolt," he says, as quickly as he can with his slow tongue. And when that is done, and he is once more bolstered up in bed, with pen, ink and paper he resumes his interrupted task.

"Let me write," pleads Jennie, pitying his great agitation; but he impatiently thrusts her away. She watches him through drifting tears. More than once he drops the pen ere he begins:

"NELLIE! MY DARLING!"

How long he is in writing those three words. The great sprawling letters topple forward; they look as if they were falling on their knees in prayer.

"NELLIE! MY DARLING! *Come back to me. I forgive you—but I shall not forget you. It is I who shall die. I am old; you are young. Come home—come home, my darling!*"

It seems to Jennie that the last words rise to a shriek of entreaty. More than once the writer has paused in his work, fighting with his ever-increasing dizziness, cursing his weakness, rallying all his stricken powers of body and mind. The unattached letters, forming the words, sweep zigzag down the page; they falter and lean upon each other piteously, as if the weight of love they carry burdened and crushed them down.

But it is finished. The note is sealed in its envelope, and then Mr. Childerssohn looks into Jennie's face, striving to hold by it, and keeps himself out of the black gulf of unconsciousness that yawns before him. His feet are already on the plunging edge.

"You remember," he says slowly, but distinctly, "the mountains—the inn—where we met. Your—father's—grave!"

Jennie's face brightens with slow intelligence. She nods. He points to his desk with eager gestures.

"Money—take all. Nellie—find her—there."

Jennie comprehends all in a moment's flash of inspiration. She takes the note, and unlocking the desk, supplies herself with money—money for both her own and poor Nellie's wants.

"Shall I go to-day?" she asks.

He beats his hands on the counterpane in fierce impatience.

"Now! now!—go—go!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEARCH.

The passing from Mr. Childerssohn's home to that more southerly-lying hill-country, where, in the purple shadows of the Catskills, Mr. Allston found a friend and grave together, is a good day's journey. When Jennie makes her calculations she finds that if she finishes a hasty toilette and drives into Hudson by noon, she can take the afternoon boat down the river, stop off at Castlecrown over night, and then pass by railway inland to her destination—the village where her father died.

The morning is already well nigh gone. She dresses as quickly as she can under the circumstances. Mrs. Shrewsbury lends her a veil, she borrows Nellie's dainty little bronze traveling boots—she has a pair of her own, but with the "devilish depravity of inanimate things," they have for the present betaken themselves for parts unknown—packs a few necessaries, among them a couple of Nellie's handkerchiefs, marked, with full-blown dignity, "Ellinor Childerssohn," into a bag, and thus equipped she says good-bye, with tears, and goes out on her sorrowful quest.

Jem, the boy, has ponies before a light wagon, and they skim like birds over the hard dirt road, a stretch of five miles into Hudson. There is a possibility that the boat may be gone. She flies to the wharf. They are five minutes too late!

Unknown to her, Jenny has a companion in misfortune, a gentleman who, like her, has come up in time to wish, if he has a mind, the Priscilla *bon voyage*, as she steams slowly down the Hudson. He stands a moment with a frown of vexation and then approaches her

"I beg your pardon," he says, quietly. "You were disappointed in not going on the boat just now."

Jennie glances quickly up. The speaker bears the unmistakable imprint of the true gentleman. His air is one of thoroughbred ease and elegance; and his face, though very dark, is handsome.

"Yes! I was anxious to go. I am troubled at being left."

"There is another boat laden ready to start soon. It is not one of the passenger's line, nor is it very elegant. But if you are not going far down, you can make the passage very well."

Jennie clasps her hands and raises her long, curled, nut-brown eyelashes.

"Oh, thanks! thanks! How kind of you. I should never have found it out." Then with a dimpling cheek to her new found friend:

"Were *you* late, too?"

"Yes!" lugubriously. "I most always *am* late!"

"So am I, *always!*" and then they laugh pleasantly together.

Jennie has been crying unceasingly for nights and days back. It seemed to her only this morning that the light must be all washed out of her swollen eyes, the warm nut-brown color all out of her round cheeks. Her spirits have been chilled and heavy-weighted with grief for Nellie's loss and Nellie's sad behavior, but in this bright atmosphere she feels them rising; she feels the pleasure of having some one young and gay and sympathetic to talk to once more.

"Shall we go soon?" she asks, as Jem disappears.

"That depends! The boat is waiting for the captain, who has been detained in town. We may go in ten minutes; we may not go in an hour. Shall we walk? It might be a little more interesting than standing here, with these fellows gaping at us."

"Would we not miss the boat?" she said, hesitatingly. "There is not much to be seen in the town, I suppose." She is horribly afraid of being left again.

"Well, no! Not very much. I saw two dolls stuck up in a shop window, and a big boy in a soldier's coat, on a small horse."

They both laugh merrily. The river laps softly the wooden tiles below. Workmen come and go, bringing and carrying burdens; barges with thin curves of black smoke fluttering aloft, trail by. All the world has a happy, occupied look to these two idlers.

"I suppose there is no place about here where one might get something to eat and drink, is there?" hazards Jennie. The pangs of hunger overcome her reluctance to go away, and she confides to her companion her dinnerless state.

It chances there is such a place, around the corner, a gilt and velvet stuffy room, where for a consideration, belated travelers are supplied with hot tea and coffee. Jennie enters it with fear and trembling; likewise eagerness. She knows well what she is doing, going into a public room with a strange gentleman; but she is hungry, and though she is doing wrong, it is not likely that she will ever be found out.

While she sips her tea her companion forages, and presently comes back with some sandwiches.

"I won't vouch for their flavor," he says, "but it's the best I could do." And he draws up a chair in front of her. An idea comes to him suddenly.

"I beg pardon, but it is time we knew each other. Since we are going to eat together, let us tell each other our names."

He fumbles in his pockets, but fruitlessly.

"Surely, I ought to have a card; but no matter. My name, at your service, is——"

"Hentz-ta-r-r-sc-r-er."

This is about all that Jennie catches of his name as he pronounces it. With a frightful, ear-piercing shriek, some mischievous imp of the street at this moment put his head, with a whistle between his lips, into the door, and with one mighty effort sets the "wild echoes flying" like demons through the room. This done he withdraws, jubilant.

Jennie sits white and trembling in her chair. At the first sound she springs to her feet, but seeing what it is she sinks back again and tries to recover herself.

"Oh, what a dreadful noise! Did you not think at first the world was coming to an end, Mr. St. Cyr? I did. St. Cyr!" repeating it softly, "what a pretty name you have?"

Mr. St. Cyr laughs out a gay, little, amused laugh; he seems about to speak, quickly and earnestly, when Jennie interrupts him.

"My name is not so pretty as yours. I have half a mind not to tell it. I wish I could think of some pretty half-foreign title to deceive you; but I am not good at tricks. I give you an English cabbage-rose in return for your French lily. Allston!"

But the sound of her own name as she speaks it acts as a sharp blow to her. She remembers where she is; she recalls the lonely errand on which she is bound, and the lonelier home that she has left behind her, on which the shadow of the young wife's desertion rests darkly; she starts up smitten with shame and remorse that she has for one moment forgotten them.

"I must go at once!" she cries. "I must not stay here! What will they think of me? Oh, how cruel I am!"

"Cruel!" repeats her companion with amazement. His face flushes a trifle hotter than wind or sun could stain it as they pass together into the street.

"Cruel! Oh, yes! yes! most cruel and heartless! You do not understand. I am going for my sister. We are in great trouble."

He walks by her in silent sympathy. As they reach the dock again they find the boat ready to start, and he helps the young girl aboard with tender care. He is eager to aid her, but respectful. He does not make her feel oppressed by his attentions; but, on the contrary, she has an indefinite sense of being cared for when he is near, though he does not speak to her again.

When she stops at Castlecrown she thinks she has seen the last of him, but his baggage is put ashore with hers, and she has him for her *vis-a-vis* at the supper-table at the hotel.

The next morning she greets him on the platform of the station, but he passes on to the smoking-car, and she sees him no more. It is well on toward nightfall that day when, after numberless hindrances and vexatious delays, the train lands her at the remote station which is her destination.

Surely never was there such a lonely place as this. Not a carriage is to be seen. Of porters and attendants, and such small fry, there are none. If there is a depot-master, he has hidden himself away in his den; he is evidently, like the priests of Buddah, not to be lightly regarded by profane eyes. One other valise stands solitary with hers on the platform, and that is all.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do? where shall I go? is there nobody here?" She feels terribly alone with no human being in sight. She hears a footstep behind her, and turns. "Oh, Mr. St. Cyr, I am so glad! I was just thinking there was nobody living in the world but me."

Mr. St. Cyr flings away his cigar, and comes quickly forward.

"You here!" he says in a friendly manner, which, someway, cheers her infinitely, and puts to flight a babyish inclination to sit down on the floor and cry. "Is this your stopping place?"

"Yes; but it is all strange to me. Do you know anything about it? There is nobody here."

"Not much of a crowd, certainly. I don't know much more about the place than you do. I come down usually once or twice a year to look after some land I own here, but I don't waste much time in exploring these pathless wilds. Were you expecting friends to meet you?"

"No; oh, no!" sighs Jennie. "I—I am looking for my sister—my sister Ellinor. I thought perhaps she might be here. Our father died here." Then her voice falters.

He looks at her curiously, and sees that some hidden trouble lies behind her awkward explanation.

"Very well," he says; "suppose we go in search of a hotel. I believe there is one up the street somewhere."

He succeeds, after long search, in finding a boy, who, for a consideration, undertakes to deposit their luggage safely at the "Golden Star," and then they set off together.

"How strange it all is!" sighs Jennie, as they tramp along, dusty and somewhat cross. She is tired, and hungry, and discouraged. More than that, she has an indefinable presentiment, for which she cannot account, that her errand will prove a fruitless one. She seems already to feel that she will not meet Nellie here.

"It is all like a dream to me—a bad dream."

"What is like a bad dream?" asks her companion, as he stalks along by her side in the middle of the road.

"This place, and my visit to it, two years ago. I was not happy here. I never wished to come back; but if I can find Nellie I shall not care so much."

Mr. St. Cyr gives a great start. It seems to Jennie that his dark, handsome face looks very pale in the fading light as he turns it toward her. His eyes are large and startled, but more than once since their acquaintance began has she detected him looking at her with a puzzled, searching gaze, as if trying to trace a resemblance in her to some face he has known in other days.

"Who—who was it you came to meet?" he stammers.

"Ellinor—my sister," Jennie answers, guardedly. "She—she is *ill*. We wish her to come home."

"Oh!" And then in a more sympathetic voice, "Is there anything I can do to help you in your search?"

It seems to him, perhaps, that Ellinor is troubled with wild fits of insanity, and in one of them has stolen away from her keepers.

"Oh, no! no! Thank you all the same," says grateful Jennie.

Just then her handkerchief—Nellie's handkerchief, which she has knotted loosely about her neck to keep out the choking dust and cinders—flutters, and before she can secure it floats to the ground at her companion's feet. He tramples on it before he is aware, and then, stepping back, he picks it up and hands it to her, but as he does so he catches sight of the name.

"Ellinor!—Ellinor Childerssohn!" he repeats aloud. It seems to Jennie that he is *very* pale; that his face is drawn and worn. She thinks he must be suffering from the fatigue of heat and long travel.

He retains the handkerchief in his hand a moment, and then gives it back to her, but he does not look at her.

"Ellinor was my father's favorite name," she says. "He always called her his 'pretty Ellinor.' But the name was too long for my baby tongue, and I shortened it to Nellie. We call her that mostly now."

Now! It sounds oddly to her as she says it, with Nellie lost and gone.

Her companion makes no response. His head is drooped and his eyes bent on the earth. And so, side by side, and silently, they enter the door of the Golden Star.

But Nellie Childerssohn is not at the Golden Star.

The landlord who receives them is the same man who kept the house two years ago when Leslie Allston sought a shelter under its humble roof. He remembers Jennie, and he assures her that Nellie has not been there. No person answering to her description has been in the place at all, and Jennie, half relieved, half disappointed, feels that her journey is, so far, a fruitless one.

It is rather late in the evening of that same day that she walks down the street on the way to visit her father's grave. The village burial-ground is situated on the summit of a softly sloping, softly rounded hill, above the village church—its occupants are so much nearer heaven than they would be if lying in the open land below. The hill is topped by a growth of pine and chestnut trees—trees that neighbor lovingly in this bleak mountainous region—and they draw an outline of inky blackness on the pink and pearly sunset sky.

Jennie knows the way perfectly, but she feels a little strange, and, hearing footsteps, she is not sorry that the companion of her journey has overtaken her in his aimless stroll.

"What! walking," he says, "at this hour of the night?"

She explains to him her errand. She wishes to visit her father's grave before she goes away.

"It is rather lonely, is it not? Perhaps I had better accompany you. You may not feel quite safe?"

"Very well; come along, then."

Come along, then! He turns his face quickly away from her as he falls in with her step, keeping closely by her side. His manner to her seems to be changed; it is grave, protecting, brother-like. Once he draws her shawl closer about her throat.

"You must take care of yourself or you will be having a chill. This mountain air is keen and cutting to lungs not accustomed to it."

She leads the way to the lonely enclosure where her father's ashes lie alone. The grave is made in the shadow of the pines.

"A dismal place," the young man says, shivering.

They might have been brother and sister weeping by a father's grave. And as they stand there in close companionship, behind them, in the darkness, stands another figure, shrinking away amid the trees' black shadows. A woman's figure! How still it is! It might be a part of the night itself, inextricably blended; but at the sound of their voices it takes shape and stirs, and throws its hands up silently, in wild, mad gestures.

"I should not like to be buried here," Jennie's companion says.

"It was my father's choice—and Nellie's. Nellie has often said that she should like to be buried here, too."

Again the young man starts at the mention of that name.

"Poor Nellie!" she sighs, looking up at the watching stars.

Oh, that she could see that figure behind her; that figure, like a woman's shape carved out of the darkness, which at the sound of those two words falls on its knees, and rocks back and forth, back and forth, in terrible and voiceless agony!

"You have not told me Nellie's story yet," says the young man, briefly.

"Story! what story is there to tell which you cannot guess? How many times has it not been told since the world began, or men and women began to love each other? The old, old story of a mismated marriage; of a weak, but, thank God, not a shameless wife, a deserted husband and a darkened home."

The young man is silent. Silent, too, that kneeling figure behind them; but its head droops lower—lower yet. Only the angels see its tangled weight of dew-drenched tresses that fall and sweep unheeded on the cold earth.

Jennie slips down from her companion's arm and kneels by the grave. She passes her hands lovingly over the cool, wet turf.

"Poor father! he was very fond of her. He used to call her his pretty Ellinor. Come back to us, Nellie; come back!" she murmurs, softly.

"She will come back again," said the young man, briefly. "You may be sure of that. She will come back to you."

"Do you think so? Heaven grant she may. But she will never be the same," drearily. "She will never be the old Nellie." She looks up suddenly. "And *he!* Do you think there is any punishment bitter enough and *hard* enough to crush him to the earth? If my curse——"

"Oh, hush!" he cries, with horror. "You must not say that. It is *too* terrible."

"Perhaps so!" sighs Jennie. "But when I remember the home I left yesterday, and the white-haired old man, broken-hearted because of his darling's disgrace, I am glad my father is in heaven and does not know what sorrow his pretty Ellinor has brought us."

Oh, heaven help the hidden listener that shrinks away into the darkness from those cruel words! She hears them, and they strike her like hot irons on her grieving heart. Is there no pitying angel hovering near to warn those other two of her close companionship.

After a few more words, they pass slowly down the hillside together. Well for Jennie's sleep that night that she does not know of the slim, dark figure, lying with forehead pressed against the cold earth of her father's grave.

"Father, father," she sobs, "I have not disgraced you. I have brought trouble upon them, perhaps; and I can die in atonement. But I have not disgraced them."

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. "St. Cyr," as, by a curious misunderstanding, Jennie has dubbed her new and the readers' old acquaintance, Karl Henderson, has the next day rather a tiring time of it. Early in the morning he accompanies Jennie to the station, and sees her safely off. As he says good-bye he slips a note into her hand.

"Read it," he says, with affected gayety, "and ponder it well."

She looks at him with unaffected surprise, and some doubt.

"You remember what we were saying last night. Let me think that there is one wise, and tender, and generous woman in the world; one who, feeling a bitter injury, is yet incapable of revenge. Do not, at least, judge me too harshly when you have read that."

A look of slow intelligence dawns at last in her eyes. Deep waves of crimson drift over her face, and then fade, leaving her very pale. But she has no time to reply. The swift train bears her away, and her last view of him is as he stands on the platform, with an expression at once grave, appealing, manly.

Karl walks sadly to the hotel, secures a conveyance, and drives over to his farm, meets his tenant, listens to his reports of progress, hears and makes suggestions, jots down a list of articles needed, and returns to the town.

As he enters the Golden Star, with mind intent on dinner, the landlord meets him with a mysterious face. He speaks mysteriously, too.

"The young woman is here, sir. She has come since you went away."

Karl's expression is that of one blankly astonished.

"Come!" he repeats, slowly.

He thinks it is Jennie whose arrival is thus announced to him. What other "young woman" is there to "come," whom he knows?

"She seems to be in a bad way," says the landlord, with a puzzled look. "Has been in trouble, I judge, poor thing! Regularly worn out and—and *deathlike*. She wanted to be quiet and alone. She is sleeping now, my wife says."

The truth strikes Henderson at last. It is Nelly—Nelly who has come to hide her wounded heart in this lonely place, whither love, with keen instinct, has already fled with swift feet to find her. He turns white at the thought, and, gasping, leans against a chair.

"Miss Jennie said we were to let her know, if her sister should happen to come," the landlord goes on. "If you are one of her friends, as you came here with her, perhaps you will see about it."

* * * *

She has been sleeping a heavy, death-like sleep, the sleep of pure exhaustion, ever since she came. It is late in the day, the sun has gone down, before Karl can see her. She does not know of his presence in the house. He has sent no message to prepare her for his coming, and his knees tremble under him as he follows the landlady up the stairs to her room.

The window is opened wide. A heavy armchair is drawn up before it, and a slim figure leans listlessly back on the cushions.

As the door opens, a bright head turns and looks with indifferent eyes.

Is this Nelly? that thin, worn figure! She starts up at sight of her visitor, and then falls back. She does not turn pale, since she could not be whiter than she is. But for a moment her face is like the faces we see in coffins before the grave is closed. Then heavy clouds of crimson drift over it; the sweet, red blood of healthful life makes her young, and fresh, and beautiful once more.

Henderson comes forward and takes her hand. She does not speak, does not look at him. She turns her face uneasily away.

"Nelly!" he says, gravely but kindly, "I am sorry to see you here—like this."

She begins to tremble violently. She draws her hand away, and clasps it with her other one tightly.

"Why did *you* come here?" she cries, angrily. "Could you not leave me this place alone? I came here, thinking no one could find me. I do not wish to see any one—not any one. I want to be alone."

His heart throbs with a great, remorseful pity for her. She is so weak, so like a child, beating with feeble hands against her fate.

"You look ill," he says—"very ill."

He avoids questions and explanations which may excite her. Let the past be a dead past now.

"I have been ill—I am ill," she answers, petulantly. "But I shall be better soon. I only want to be alone. I shall get rested and well when I am alone."

She turns her thin face to the window, and drinks the cool breeze that comes in feverishly.

"Do you know," he asks, "that your sister Jennie has been here, in this house, only yesterday, searching for you?"

"I know it," she answers, briefly. "I saw her."

"Your husband is very ill. Nelly! Nelly! you must go back. For their sake, for your own sake, you must go back."

She looks at him with cold, bright eyes. The fever flush that has crept into her cheek burns hotter for a moment, and then fades.

Henderson stands beside her chair. He takes her hands in his, and one or two passionate tears fall on them as he bends his face away from that searching gaze.

"Child! child! let me plead with you to go back. For your own sake—consider that. Think of your own welfare—of your friends—of what the world will say."

He says it bravely. He means it.

"I have considered," she answers, coldly. "Did *they* consider, when they drove me to marry an old man in my youth—here, *here* in this very room." Her voice drops low. "To go back to him as I feel now would be sinful, more sinful even than *this!*"

She rocks softly back and forth. The evening wind, blowing fresh from the hills, sways her light drapery and loosens her golden tresses so that they fall against her cheek. And yet, looking at her, listening to her, pitying her, as he does, he takes his passion with a strong hand and thrusts it back into the silence and secrecy of his own heart, and speaks to her, the unmoved, unimpassioned counsellor again.

"You are weak and excited now," he says, soothingly. "To-morrow you will feel differently. You will be ready to return home."

"Home!" she answers, absently. "I have no home. I stayed in a strange house two years, and I played a strange part in a strange comedy. Oh, heaven, what a comedy it was! I can realize it *now!* But I have had no home since my father died! No *home!*"

Her voice never once falters. It flows straight on, unimpassioned and clear.

"Hush!" he cries; "you are talking wildly."

"Am I?" with a forlorn smile. "Well, perhaps I *am* wild. I have lived through what would send most women mad, or to their graves!"

Her voice rises now hysterically; her eyes grow unnaturally large and bright.

"Karl! Karl!" she continues, starting up excitedly, "it was in this very room they drove me to that sinful, loveless marriage with a man who was older than my father. Here, in this very chair, my father sat, and I, on my knees, pleaded that he should save me from such a fate. Here, on this floor, I sobbed and beat my head against the senseless boards. They thought I was only a passionate, willful child, who did not know what was good for her. Oh, me! me! Perhaps I was. But I have been thinking of it to-night, and wondering if the dead can look back and see the work that lives after them. Well for them sometimes if they cannot."

He feels that he has no words at command to answer her. Better let her cry her fierce excitement out; and though his heart aches over her, and he feels a mighty impulse to fold her in his arms and soothe her with tears, and kisses, and soft words of endearment, he holds himself silent by her chair.

"Do you know," he says at length, after a long silence, "your sister Jennie will be here to-night? When I learned that you had come, I sent a telegraph to intercept her on her way home. She will be here quite soon."

Nellie did not seem much disturbed.

"Very well! Let her come!"

"You will be glad to see her, will you not?"

"I don't know! I dare say. I have no feeling now." She says it with a long-drawn breath, as of one utterly tired and hopeless.

"Nellie!" he bursts out, passionately, losing all his stoicism for the time, "I would give half my life if I could undo this last month's work. God knows that I am sorry we ever met."

"You need not be," she answers, calmly. "I was happy. No matter what comes now, I have had those four happy weeks."

The night grows later and darker; the moon floats up through banks of pearly clouds that drift and change fantastically in the star-flecked heavens. A great clock strikes somewhere in the town, without a bell rings in the darkness, and at the sound a thousand echoes wake and wander through the hills.

Henderson starts up with an anxious look.

"It is the train coming," he says. "Jennie will soon be here."

Nellie does not stir. She lies back in the cushions of her chair. Her face shows pale and fair in the loosened beauty of her thick bright tresses. The moon shines on her, radiantly, from head to foot.

"I shall go to the station to meet her. You will not mind being left alone an hour or so?"

"I am alone. It does not matter."

Yet after she so speaks she turns and looks at him with a long, eager gaze. In the moon's clear, silvery light he stands revealed to her eyes, a figure glorified, made beautiful. The hour is favorable to him; it softens and tones down his features; it stamps a picture of him on her memory which is to last her all her life.

So she looks at him, silently, for a brief space of time; then she reaches out her hand.

"You have a rose there; a wild field rose. Give it to me."

It is a pale and withered half-blown bud—one that he gathered in his ride. He takes it from his botton-hole without a word, and places it in her hand. Still unsuspiciously, and without a word, though this is partly because he dares not trust himself to speak, he turns to go.

"Good-bye! Good-bye, Karl!" she says, in a low voice. The accent is very sweet, but faint. He stops at once.

"Good-bye! I shall be back soon, and bring Jennie with me."

He looks back once as he gains the door, but her face is turned away from him. He does not see it, and consequently does not see the tears that lie like rain-drops on the rose she presses to her lips.

"Good-bye! Oh, love! sweet love! good-bye! good-bye!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEN'S lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening; or like the spring, aglow with promises; and like the autumn, rich with golden sheaves; where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

THE WANDERER.

BY HOWARD W. LONG.

Through drifting snow, at close of day,
A little wand'rer wends her way;
Her haggard cheek and sunken eye,
Show hunger as she staggers by.
Few years have rested on her head,
Yet better far if she were dead:
For heartless, cold humanity,
Gives not the poor their sympathy.

No home, and not a friend on earth;
Oh, fatal hour that gave her birth!
No helping hand put forth to save
The maid from an untimely grave.
She seeks the busy street, and there
Stands shiv'ring in the wintry air.
"I'm starving! give me bread!" she cries;
But to her plea no voice replies.

She ventures timidly again
To ask for alms—but all in vain!
None heed her low, despairing cry,
Intent on self they pass her by.
None heed the shiv'ring little form
Unsheltered from the driving storm;
And with a deep and bitter groan,
She stands there, friendless and alone.

Alas! too weak to struggle more,
She falls—and her life's journey's o'er.
Through poverty grim death had won;
But freedom through that death had come;
For with a long and peaceful sigh,
Her spirit found relief on high.
And where no sorrow e'er depress
Her soul had found eternal rest.

THE WRONG PICTURE.

BY F. NOLAN.

"A pretty face; a very pretty face, indeed!"

I turned the little photograph upside down, held it off at arm's length to get a perspective view, and scrutinized it closely with my eye-glasses.

Henry Wallis looked pleased; a man naturally likes to have his *fiancée* admired and appreciated.

"So this is the Bessie Armitage I have heard so much of. Really, Wallis, she does credit to your taste. A blonde, I suppose?"

"Fair as a lily leaf, with blue eyes and the sunniest golden hair!"

"Ah! Well, I must say I prefer the brunette style, so far as my individual taste goes; but then fancies differ, you know."

It was all very well for Henry Wallis to go into ecstasies about his pallid, fair-haired little Bessie Armitage; he had never met the glance of Cecilia Vernon's magnificent dark eyes. What did *he* know about the true type of feminine beauty?

"As you say, fancies differ," Wallis returned, lightly. "But I wish you would select a handsome frame for it when you go to town next—blue velvet, with a gold rim on the margin, or some such tasteful arrangement."

"I'll see to it," I said, depositing the picture in its envelope, and returning it to my inside breast pocket.

"You'll be very careful of it?"

"Careful? Of course I shall!"

I smiled a little loftily at Walter's solicitude, and we parted.

After all, Henry Wallis was better off than I was, for he was securely engaged to the dimpled, yellow-tressed little object of his affections, while I was yet, as it were, in outer darkness, uncertain whether my peerless Cecilia returned my ardent devotion, or whether she secretly inclined toward that unprincipled fellow, Fitzhugh Trefoil. A score of times I had resolved to settle the question; a score of times I had gone to the Vernons' house with the very formula of declaration on my lips, and as often had the words died away unvoiced and unspoken.

If fate had only gifted me with one-thousandth part of Fitzhugh Trefoil's off-hand audacity! I don't think anything short of the Deluge could check that fellow's cool self-possession; an earthquake wouldn't, and I don't think that the millenium could!

However, love inspires the feeblest heart with a sort of fictitious courage, and I was a new man since Miss Vernon had smiled upon me. What was the use of doubting, hesitating and trembling? Why not decide my fate at once? Henry Wallis' serene content exercised a stimulating influence upon me. I would fain have been even as he was!

"There is no sense in procrastinating matters any further," I said, half aloud, as I walked up and down the rather limited domains of my little law-office. "I have been a doubting fool quite long enough."

I'm afraid I wasn't a very amiable member of the domestic circle that afternoon.

"I think Paul is growing crosser every day," said my sister, shrugging her little plump shoulders. "Mamma, I wish you'd speak to him."

But my mother—bless her wise old soul!—knew better than that. She only looked at me over the rims of her spectacles, and went on darning stockings.

"Paul is worried with business matters, I suppose," she said, apologetically. "Paul will do well enough if you only let him alone."

I went up to my room after dinner and made an elaborate toilet, but all the pains I bestowed upon it served only to heighten the general effect of my awkwardness.

"I've two minds to wait until to-morrow," quoth I to myself, abruptly stopping, with my cravat half tied.

No, I might be a coward, but I was not such an unmitigated poltroon as that. I had begun the enterprise, and I would carry it through if it cost me the last drop of my heart's blood. Moreover, I had had a inspiration. An entirely new and original method of putting the momentous query had occurred to me.

"Hang Fitzhugh Trefoil!" I exclaimed, gleefully, half aloud, though there was no ear to hear my ejaculation. "I'll win the dark-eyed treasure yet, in spite of him!"

I opened my writing-case, and carefully took out a little *carte de visite* wrapped in tissue paper, and tenderly laid away with a pink silk perfume sachel that Minnie had made for me once. It was Cecilia's picture; she had allowed me to steal it away from her, with scarcely a remonstrance, a week before. *Then* was the time I ought to have proposed; but, like a timorous, doubting moon-calf as I was, I had let the golden tide of opportunity slip unimproved away from me.

I drew Bessie Armitage's vacant, doll-like face from its envelope, and compared the two with a thrill of triumph in my heart.

"Colorless water beside crimson, sparkling champagne! a pale violet in the shadow of a royal rose! pearls eclipsed by the fiery flash of diamonds!" I exclaimed. "Henry Wallis' taste may be very correct and classical, but give me my radiant brunette! These bleached-out beauties don't correspond with *my* ideal of perfection."

It was a lovely spring evening as I entered the wide graveled path that led up to the broad porch of the Vernon mansion. Mr. Vernon sat there smoking his meerschaum.

"Won't you sit down and have a smoke?" he demanded, hospitably. "It's a real luxury to be able to take a whiff out of doors, after being shut up in the house all the winter. Or maybe you'd prefer going in to see Cecil?"

Sensible old gentleman! he had not forgotten his own young days. I intimated, not without considerable awkwardness, that the special object of my visit had been to "see Cecil."

"Well, she is in the parlor, all by herself," said he, good humoredly, motioning me in. "Walk in, walk in."

Cecilia Vernon was sitting in the parlor alone, as her father had said, the bright centre of a cheerful circle of lamplight. A bit of crochet work was lying in her lap, and an open volume of poems—poems *I* had sent her—was on the table.

Cecilia Vernon was always fair to look upon, in my sight; to-night, however, she seemed more than ordinarily beautiful.

I sat down, and began hesitatingly upon the never-failing topic of the weather. A proposal had seemed the easiest thing in the world as I walked along the dewy edges of the peaceful starlighted road, contemplating it from afar off; but now that I was face to face with it, Alps upon Alps of difficulty and perplexity seemed to surround its accomplishment. I would have given all that I was worth to postpone the evil day but twenty-four hours—all but my self-respect, and that was imperiled now.

Cecilia tried her best to keep the ball of conversation in motion; she introduced new subjects, asked leading questions, and feigned deep interest in the most abstruse of topics. But even Cecilia couldn't talk on forever, and presently, with a little sigh of despair, she subsided into silence.

Now was the eventful moment of my destiny.

"Cecilia!" I said, softly.

She raised the liquid brown eyes to mine.

"I want to confide in you to-night. Have I your permission to speak?"

"Certainly, Mr. Markham."

"I am very much in love, Cecilia. In fact, my heart has long ago gone out of my own possession into that of——"

I stopped, with the fatal husky feeling in my throat. Cecilia was blushing divinely. I drew my chair close to hers, with the sensation of a man who has just pulled the string of a cold shower-bath.

"Who is the lady?" faltered Cecilia. As if she didn't know perfectly well already.

"Shall I show you her picture, Cecilia?"

Miss Vernon inclined her head almost to the level of my shoulder to look at the little *carte de visite* I drew from my pocket. I skillfully stole one arm round her waist.

"See, dearest."

But, to my horror and dismay, she snatched her hand from my clasp, sprang up, and started away, like some fair avenging goddess.

"How dare you insult me thus, Mr. Markham?"

"Cecilia! how—what——"

"Don't presume to call me Cecilia, sir!" sobbed the indignant girl, bursting into tears, and sweeping from the room.

I sat like one palsied. What had I done? Why was the gracious mood of my enchantress thus suddenly transformed to gall and bitterness? Surely she would presently return and apologize for her capricious exit?

But she did not return, and, after waiting long in vain, I sneaked out of a side-door, and crept dejectedly home, my heart burning with wonder and resentment. I had no mind to meet the assembled family group, so I admitted myself with the latch-key, and stole noiselessly upstairs, where my lamp still burned—the lamp I had lighted with such high and bounding hopes.

I threw off my coat viciously. As I did so, the forgotten *carte de visite* dropped from my pocket. I stooped to pick it up. It was the portrait of Bessie Armitage! And there on the mantel, where in my heedless haste I had left it, was the divine countenance of my queen, Cecilia!

I had shown her the wrong photograph!

All was clear now. Her indignation and resentment—the whole tangled web of mystery was unraveled now. I caught up my hat to rush back to her, but at that moment the clock struck eleven!

It was too late now. All apology and explanation must be deferred until the morrow. And with a discontented spirit I sought my couch.

Early the next morning I walked over to the old Vernon mansion; but, expeditious as I was, Trefoil had been there before me. I met him coming whistling down the walk as self-possessed as ever.

"Good morning," I said, briefly, endeavoring to pass him. But he detained me.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow. I am the happiest man in the world. Cecilia Vernon has just promised to be my wife."

I stared blankly at him, and, with or two unintelligible murmurs, turned short round and walked home again. My rival had improved the propitious opportunity, and caught Cecilia's heart in the rebound.

Well—so goes the world, and I am a bachelor yet. There is but one Cecilia, and she, alas! is married to Fitzhugh Trefoil.

MORAL.—When you go courting, be certain *whose* picture it is you are carrying next your heart.

HOW BACHELORS WERE TREATED BY THE ANCIENTS.—In antiquity, it was considered unpatriotic in a citizen to remain a bachelor all his days. By the Spartan laws, those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age, were excluded from all offices, civil and military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision, and led around the market place. Although, generally speaking, age was usually deeply respected at Sparta, yet this feeling was not manifested to old bachelors. "Why should I make way for you?" said a Spartan youth to a gray-headed old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the honor when I am old." The Roman law pursued the same policy toward bachelors. They had to pay extra and special taxes, and, under Augustus, a law was enacted, by which bachelors were made incapable of acquiring legacies and devises of real estate by will, except from their near relations. In canon law bachelors are enjoined to marry, or to profess chastity in earnest by becoming monks.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THREE new Polar expeditions are proposed.

JERUSALEM is to be connected with Europe by two lines of telegraph.

THE suicide of a woman sixty-seven years old, in Santa Rosa, Cal., was attributed to hopeless love.

IN Paris six hundred and seventy-four women get their living by serving as models for painters and sculptors.

A FORTUNE-TELLING impostor in London was recently sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

A BOY JOCKEY in California, who, during the past two years, has ridden horses in several races, was lately discovered to be a girl.

THE King of the Friendly Islands, in the Pacific, is a licensed local minister of the Methodist denomination, and his queen is class-leader.

THE highest prize in a Chinese lottery is twenty-nine cents, and the man who draws it has his name in the papers and is looked upon as a heap of a fellow.

AN advertisement appeared recently in a New York paper for two hundred young girls to take part in a spectacular drama. Within twenty-four hours eight hundred applicants had responded.

THE pretty rice-paper that looks so pure and delicate is obtained in China from the pith of a great tree—not as we make paper from poplar wood, but by simply cutting the pith into very thin slices.

IN one of the French provinces lately a traveling dealer induced a woman to sell her hair. Her husband, when he learned the fact, followed the dealer, and revenged himself by shaving his head.

ST. LOUIS claims to possess a curiosity which no other city can boast, a man who is a deposed Bishop of the Church of England and now works in a laundry. The reporter who discovered this marvel was careful not to mention the name of his lordship.

THE British government is engaged in making such improvements to Cork harbor, that, says a London paper, when finished, it will be one of the best harbors of refuge in the world. The entrance will be protected with forts armed with guns of the heaviest calibre.

A CHICAGO clergyman astonished his congregation the other Sunday by the following business-like speech: "I should like to continue as your pastor another year, and will stay if you will pay me $5000. I cannot stay for less, and I would like an answer right away." He was engaged.

DIPHTHERIA has been very prevalent in Australia, and one of the most successful remedies is said to have been a few drops of sulphuric acid in a tumblerfull of water. The result of this mixture is said to be a coagulation of the diphtheritic membrane, and its ready removal by coughing.

EIGHT different classes of cars are provided by the London underground railroad. First-class for non-smokers, first-class for ladies alone, second-class for non-smokers of both sexes, second-class for smokers, second-class for ladies alone, third-class for non-smokers, and third-class for smokers.

A MAN'S rank in Siam is indicated by his attendant slave. This last bears upon a tray the badge which designates his master's position. Teakettles of gold and silver, plain or ornamented, are patents of the highest grades of nobility, and are presented by the king as commissions of office.

THE grizzly bear is proved to have formerly existed in England by the researches of Professor Busk into the character of the numerous bones found in the ancient cavern at Brixam, near Torquay, in Devonshire. Of the sixteen hundred and twenty-one bones obtained from this cave since its discovery, in 1858, nine hundred and thirty belonged to cave animals, and at least fifteen artificially worked flints have also been found there.

THE steel works of Alfred Krupp, in Prussia, are probably the largest industrial works in the world. Their growth has been largely due to the inventions and discoveries of the proprietor, who, by the use of better and cheaper processes of manufacture, was enabled to secure a partial monopoly of business, which he is enabled to retain by the facilities he has for the manufacture of immense guns, and for filling large orders for wheels, axles, etc., In ten years the number of workmen employed in these works was doubled, reaching 11,000 in 1872. The workshops cover 900 acres of ground, contain 280 steam-engines and 70 steam-hammers. In 1872 there were in use 530 melting and cement ovens, 200,000 crucibles, and 900 tool machines.

THE Russian iron-clad, Peter the Great, which was built after the designs of Adjutant General Popoff, in 1872, was sent on its first trial-trip from Cronstadt, accompanied by the steam-frigate Rurik. According to the *Golos*, the Peter the Great is at present the most powerful iron-clad afloat. Its hull is three hundred and thirty-two feet long by sixty-three feet six inches wide; it has a double bottom, and is covered with armor-plates to a depth of six feet below the water-line. It has two turrets, which will be armed with four twelve-inch rifle guns, whose muzzles will be fourteen feet above the water. The plates over the water-line are fourteen inches thick, with a ten-inch backing. Below the water-line the thickness of the plate is twelve inches, and of the backing the same.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* describes some experiments made with a new plan for the bursting of common shells filled with water by means of a detonator consisting of dry compressed gun-cotton enveloping a small cap of fulminate of mercury. Sixteen-pounder common shells were exploded by this means, and burst into three hundred fragments, whereas only thirty pieces were produced by the explosion caused by an ordinary charge of gunpowder. Experiments made with a nine-inch shell, wet gun-cotton being used instead of gunpowder, resulted in the breaking of the shell into thousands of fragments. It remains to be seen, however, whether the shell filled with wet gun-cotton and its detonator will stand the shock of discharge from a cannon. The shells used for experimental purposes were exploded by an electric fluid.

A WISH.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

I loved thee, but thou knewest it not,
I wished to speak, but to speak dared not,
For a better time I waited.

That better time, ah! I found it not,
Another came, and he lingered not,
From thy heart my image faded.

He may love thee truly—I know it not,
More truly than I—I believe it not—
Would it had been otherwise fated!

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

The Antelope was a "flyer," and, before three days had passed, she was within a hundred miles of the spot where the gale struck the whaler. The schooner only caught the skirts of the wind, and did not suffer much when it came, and, when morning broke, she found herself in the midst of scattered casks, hen-coops, and the like, evidently washed from the deck of a ship.

"This looks like a wreck," said Mr. Wallace.

"Hardly that, old boy; looks more to me as if this stuff had been washed from the deck of a ship in last night's gale. It is all loose stuff, as you see."

"There is a water-cask," said the mate. "One of you fellows get a boat-hook and clap on to it as we pass. Perhaps it has the name of the ship on it."

One of the men caught a boat-hook and jumped into the chains. The cask was floating by when the man hooked at it with his boat-hook, and merely rolled it over. But he had done enough, for they saw upon the side of the cask, in flaring white letters—

"*Dolphin, New Bedford.*"

"Look here," said Caspar Deane, drawing Black Rodger aside. "What would you think if the gale had sunk this thrice accursed Dolphin and her crew? That would be almost too good to hope for."

"I only wish it had," muttered Black Rodger. "The only men who could witness against me would be gone then."

"Let us hope it is so," said Deane, turning away, and keeping his eye upon the sea. "What a time you and I have had since we came together, and how the good crew of the Antelope hate us both. If any man had told me six months ago that I would ever consort with such as you, I would have hit him in the face. A man outlawed, with a price upon his guilty head!"

"We ain't so very different at heart," said Black Rodger. "By —, I believe you would do things that I would be afraid of, if you thought it would do you any good."

"This is a miserably selfish world, Mr. Rodger Bates," said Caspar, with a wicked smile. "No one upon earth knows this better than your very humble servant. The strong oppress the weak, and the rich grind the faces of the poor. Yet I am one of those who believe in progress, and I can see that the poor have better chances now than in the days when they went out to war at the call of their Suzerain, and had no right to wag a finger against his mandate. Bah! the world is good enough, only men make it worse than it is."

"I don't know you, Caspar Deane, but I suspect that you are out of place aboard this schooner. You are a gentleman, unless I am very much mistaken."

"Think so, if you will; it don't amount to anything. What did that man in the catheads sing out just then?"

"Sail in sight."

They strolled forward, and saw a barque coming down with the wind on her quarter, aiming to cross their stern. As she came near they saw the well-known flag of a great New Bedford whaling firm, under the stars and stripes, and knew by the crossed harpoons which formed her figurehead that it was the Flying Harpoon, owned by the same firm which had sent out the Dolphin.

"Antelope, ahoy!" cried a voice full of hearty welcome, as the commander of the Harpoon sprang on the rail, holding on by the fire-ratlins.

It was an old friend of Dunlap's, whom he had not seen for years, now to meet him in this wild sea.

"How are you, Dave?" cried Dunlap, in return. "Can't you heave to?"

"Aye, aye! We have just spoken the old Dolphin, and heard that they lost a man last night."

"A man! What man?"

"A boy, I might say, although he was a harpooner. A young fellow by the name of Fenton."

Caspar Deane uttered a strange cry and clung to the rail for support, and then ran below to hide the hideous joy in his heart.

Captain Dunlap turned pale as death, and covered his face with his hands.

"You don't know what you tell me, Dave Roberts. Do you know that this schooner was fitted out by the friends of that boy to find him and bring him home? And yesterday I had news that he was on board the Dolphin, safe and well, and that the ship had sailed for Honolulu. And now you say he is lost."

"Washed overboard in the gale last night, within a mile of this place. These floating articles were thrown overboard for him to cling to."

"Did they try to find him?"

"Yes. They lowered a boat and searched for hours, and spent nearly half the day yesterday cruising about over the place. It is a sad thing, Walt, but it is in the sailor's life."

The Harpoon passed astern, and Dunlap prepared to go about.

"Will you give me a day, Dave?" said Walter Dunlap. "We can cruise together, you taking stretches of a league or two to the east, and I to the west. Let us look for this boy, for the sake of the old times when we were boys ourselves. Will you do it?"

"If I lost my ship I would do it," replied the captain of the Harpoon. "But I lose nothing, for my course lies this way."

The schooner and barque parted, one heading well up to the east, and the other to the west. How vain the quest was, how utterly hopeless, no men knew so well as the two captains; but they could not give up the faint possibility that the boy might be drifting somewhere on this great, shifting, pathless sea.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

The Antelope sailed to the west, and the Harpoon to the east. The schooner "winged out" to make the most of the wind upon this tack, while the barque, with her yards braced sharp, scudded away upon the other tack.

Caspar Deane could not stay below, but stole on deck to watch the Harpoon, with fiendish joy in his black eyes.

"Find him! He's food for sharks hours ago, and I am glad of it. I say, Mr. Wallace, I suppose this cruise is about up, now."

"It looks like it to me," said the mate, sadly, but looking sharply at the face of the speaker.

What he read there startled him beyond measure. Caspar Deane was *glad* that Dick was dead, although his death was money out of the pockets of every man in the schooner! Mr. Wallace measured most things in this life by the rule of dollars and cents, and it puzzled him that this man, who had said that it was life to him to make this voyage, for the sake of the money he could gain, was actually glad to lose it.

"I don't understand your little game yet, my boy," said the shrewd Wallace to himself; "but I'll get to the bottom of it yet, or I'll know the reason why. Keep her full, you at the wheel; and you on the lookout sing out if you see a speck on the water the size of a man's hand."

The men kept their eyes open for signs of anything afloat. With the exception of Deane and Bates, not a man in the crew but had his heart in the success of the cruise, and even that latter worthy felt a slight pang as he realized that he had lost five hundred dollars by the death of Dick Fenton; and he mentioned it to Deane.

"Five hundred dollars, you idiot. I would lose five thousand, twice, three times the amount, to be certain that he has not been picked up."

"Fifteen thousand dollars would be a nice little sum for a common Jack-tar to lose," drawled Bates. "I don't think I was far wrong when I said you were a gentleman."

"Don't be inquisitive, my good friend," said Deane, with a dark look at the speaker. "It won't pay you, as you will find sometime if you keep up the habit of prying. It don't make any difference to you if I am Khan of Tartary, as long as I keep my word with you."

"I don't say that it does," growled Bates. "Would it act you back much if he was to be picked up?"

"He would only fall into worse trouble," replied Deane. "Take care; the first mate is looking at us, and I don't like that man. He has an eye like a hawk, and I can see that he suspects me already. Don't be seen talking with me so much, and if you suspect anything, do not dare to speak of it if you put any value on your life, for as sure as I hear that you have dared to blab, I will pay you off in a way which may not suit you very well."

Bates walked away from his dangerous friend, with a dark smile upon his face. They did not trust each other, although confederates in villainy, and either would have gladly got rid of the other now, as his usefulness was gone.

Three leagues west, and nothing had been seen. The helm was put hard-a-lee, the booms flew over on the other tack, and the Antelope headed back over the course, meeting the Harpoon more than half way. The flag of each hung at half-mast, as a signal that they had found nothing, and they went about again and made another long stretch east and west.

The sea was an emerald flood, gleaming with lambent light. The porpoise rolled his great bulk out of the water, and the dolphin leaped in the track of the ship, and still they saw no sign.

"I hate to go back and tell this to his friends," said Dunlap. "Harpoon, ahoy!"

"Hullo!"

"If you find anything worthy of notice, fire a gun. If you find him alive, wait ten minutes after the first gun, and then fire two guns, a minute between each. If he is dead, three guns, a minute between."

"Aye, aye, Walt; you do the same."

"I have no hope that either of us will have cause to fire," said Walter, sadly. "But for the sake of his good mother at home, be careful."

"I will do my best."

The ships parted in mid-ocean, and many sad hearts beat above their decks. The crew of the Antelope formed little groups about the forecastle, and looked gloomily at Deane and Bates, whom they regarded as "Jonahs."

"Cuss 'em," said old Jack Diggs; "they ain't true-hearted sailors, and I know it. Blame my figure-head, if I kin see how they are allowed to run this fork'sel the way they do. I'm old, or they wouldn't do it."

"Then we had to take back that 'Round Robin,'" said another man; "and that hurt me. It was true, every word of it."

"What was true, Jed?" demanded Caspar Deane, turning suddenly upon the speaker.

Jed became dumb at once, and moved away, while Deane glared defiance at the crew.

"If it wasn't mean for a hull party to lick one man, we'd lick him," said old Jack. "Oh, what would I give if old Tatty Manytoo, a half-breed Kanaka harpooner I used to know, was only aboard. He'd pick that cuss up in one hand, and swab the decks with him. Look here, you Deane; you needn't glare at me, 'cause I won't stand it, old as I am. I'll mount you as a catamount gits up a tree."

"Good for you, old Jack," said Deane, with a laugh. "You are the only one aboard who has showed any pluck, and I am glad to see it."

"I'll shoot you all full of holes," muttered Jack.

Deane only answered by a laugh, and went into the forecastle, where he opened his chest and pulled out a bundle of prime cigars, hardly the sort a common sailor would be apt to buy. It had been noticed that he had a large supply of these, and never touched a pipe on any account. Indeed, half the space in his chest was occupied by these cigars. Shortly after, Bates came down, and they stretched themselves on their bunks, each with a cigar in his mouth, and began to enjoy themselves.

"Don't you be afraid I won't use you right, Rodger," said Deane. "When we run into Rio, I will put five hundred dollars into your hands, to do with as you like. Everything makes for my good now, for Dick Fenton is dead."

At this moment they heard the dull, heavy boom of a cannon, miles away across the sea, and Deane started up with a cry.

Did the shot come from the Harpoon? And, if so, why was it fired?

CHAPTER XXIX.

ADRIFT IN THE STORM.

Dick Fenton, at the moment when he had taken the hand of his enemy in token of forgiveness, was swept from the deck of the Dolphin into the boiling sea.

He seemed to have been caught up by a gigantic hand and hurled suddenly into the sea, and he rose from his involuntary bath, half expecting to feel the solid deck beneath his feet. On the contrary, he was lifted on the crest of a mighty wave, and saw the Dolphin close to him, her huge bulk rising black and high from the water.

It was at this moment when he uttered the cry which came to the ears of Dan Forsythe, as he rose half blinded from the quarter-deck. This was the only cry he uttered, and then he was hurried away in the gloom, by a force which he could not resist.

The ship faded out of sight in the darkness, and he gave up all hope, when something struck his shoulder. He clutched at it, and secured a small spar, a studdingsail-boom, which had been washed overboard with the rest of the debris on the deck. He clung to it with the wild intensity of despair, for Dick was young, and it was hard to die in this way, in the rushing flood. Yet, in the midst of his despair, he kept his head cool, and worked his way along the spar until he found the block and tackle, with a small piece of inch stuff rove through the block. His hands were somewhat numb, and he feared that he should not be able to cling to the spar long, and this rope would save him. Holding on by one hand he passed the rope twice about his body under the arms, passed the end through the block, and knotted it firmly, so that it could not slip through. He now felt comparatively safe, for he was certain to be held up by the rope even if his senses deserted him.

But, the first fright over, he became more easy, and kept his eyes about him. The ship was easily two miles away, for the drift was awful, and she was scudding before the force of the gale. He was lost; lost beyond hope, on the trackless waves of the Pacific.

"I am glad I forgave him," the poor boy thought, as he remembered what Dan Forsythe had said. "But who, among all I have known, hated me enough to give me up to death. I did not know that I had an enemy in the world, but I suppose Uncle Dick's money is at the bottom of it. Dear Uncle Dick; how sorry he will be when he hears of this. And mother, and my darling Gracie. And Phil; will Phil be very sorry when he hears that I am gone?"

Phil; his brother Phil! He had never thought of this before, but how much would Phil gain if he were out of the way? Some one had signed the articles for him, and who could it be? They had few friends in New Bedford, and none of these had any hope from Uncle Dick's fortune. Phil had taken him to New Bedford; Phil had introduced him to Dan Forsythe, and doubtless the plan to kidnap him had been made up weeks in advance. Dan had come to the Ship inn with the express purpose of enticing him on board the Dolphin, and Phil had yielded readily to the proposition. Was it possible, then, that his brother was his enemy? Besides, Dan had hinted that if he knew who had hired him, he would be astonished.

He had never looked at it in that light, but now he could not keep the thought out of his mind.

He recalled the manner of his brother during the week they had been in New York. He remembered that he had seen him looking at him in a strange way many times while there, and that he had been absent three nights in succession, and angrily refused to say where he had been.

"But he is my brother," thought the poor boy. "I always loved him dearly, and as far as the money is concerned he might have half willingly. Uncle Dick is a sharp old man, and he warned me not to trust Phil too far. Oh, my brother, my brother! I fear that you have brought me to this."

He no longer saw the Dolphin, although he turned his eyes here and there, in the vain endeavor to pierce the darkness which surrounded him. The ship had passed over more water while the gale lasted than any one on board believed, and was exactly six miles distant, and the boat at no time came within a league of him. The shouts of the crew did not reach him, and he was drifting farther and farther away as each moment wore on.

He thought of the happy life which he had led when he was at home, and of the high plans he had formed for the future. Philip had not been forgotten in these plans, for Dick intended to build up his fortunes better than he could hope to do himself when once master of money enough. Philip Fenton sent away his best friend, next to his mother, when he drove Dick to sea.

He thought of his mother, whom he idolized, and of his pet, Gracie. They would never see him again, and the Dolphin would come into port, bringing the sad news which would plunge them into the depths of despair, for he knew that they loved him, and would weep for him.

"If I could only live a little longer," he thought, "I would be a better boy, and do all the good I could in the world. I wonder what Tatty is doing, and if he tried to do anything to save me. Dear old fellow; how well he loved me, and what pride he took in teaching me my duty on board. And the men liked me, too."

All night long he floated on the surface of the sea. In order to rest himself, as the rope was long enough, he loosened it enough to allow him to sit astride of the spar.

But they were weary hours, which he passed in the night on the sea.

Cold slimy things touched his limbs and passed by, sending cold shudders through his veins.

He remembered that Tatty had said that the giant cuttlefish, the "devil-fish," abounded in these seas. He seemed to feel their cold, slimy arms upon his limbs, and drew them up with an involuntary movement. Brave as he was it needed more bravery than he possessed to remain entirely calm.

And the sharks! It was night, to be sure, and they could not see him, but how would it be in the morning, if by chance any of these dread monsters were near.

He almost dreaded the dawn of day, as he remembered his struggle with the white shark when the first whale was killed.

But all things come to an end, and even that long, dark night was over at last. Dick astride of the spar, watched, with strangely mingled feelings, the approach of the gray dawn over the long roll of the swell; for, although the gale was over, its effect was yet seen in the long, unbroken surges, which lifted the spar upon its surface, and plunged it again into the trough. As the morning approached, the lad began to think of the sharks, and how he should defend himself if they came. He knew that these monsters, when mad for food, are terrible enemies, and he must have some means of defence.

He had his knife slung as usual, and in that fearful tussle with the sea he had not lost it. He took it out, and looked at the keen blade, nearly a foot in length, and with a remarkably heavy blade. Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken his chances against a single shark, but what would he do against half a dozen, as he had seen them tearing at the blubber of a whale.

As he looked about him, he saw something floating on the water beside him, which was just what he wanted. The handle of an oar, just as it had been broken off close to the blade, about six or seven feet in length. The waves drifted it nearer and nearer, and he seized it eagerly enough; and, cutting off a piece of rope, he separated the strands, and made a stout cord ten feet long. Laying the handle of his bowie along the wood near the smaller end, he marked out the size of the handle upon the wood, and set to work, cutting out a groove in which the handle would fit neatly, to the depth of over half its thickness. This done, he fitted the handle in its place, and laid over it the small strip he had first cut out, to keep it in place, and then began to wind his cord about it, as he had often done in splicing a broken cricket or base-ball bat. When he had made his splice, he tried its firmness upon the wood of the spar, and was satisfied that he had a weapon which was almost equal to a whale lance.

"Now come when you like, Mr. Shark," he said. "If I don't give a good account of you it won't be the fault of this lance."

He was scanning the distant horizon sharply, and few could see objects as far away, with the naked eye, as Dick Fenton. The sun was just rolling up out of the eastern sea, and as he gazed he thought he detected a glittering spot just crossing the disk of the sun. He did not like to be sure, but kept his eyes fixed upon it intently, hoping against hope. The spot grew larger and larger, and with a thrill of wild joy in his heart, he made out the sail of some great ship, heading steadily toward him over the place where he had been lost.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE VANISHING HOPE.

A ship, perhaps the Dolphin, searching for him!

It was yet so far distant that he could only make out that it was a ship, and no more. But as he gazed, the spot grew larger and larger, until his keen eye could make out the peculiarly shaped topsails of the Dolphin. Captain Manning had not abandoned him, but had come back to search.

The ship seemed miles distant, and he knew that even with a glass they would not be able to make him out from the tops. He must have a signal of some kind, but how should he make it out of the slight material in his possession.

After reflecting a moment, he stripped off his jersey, underneath which he wore a white wrapper, which he also took off, and then replaced the jersey. The white wrapper he fastened to his lance in such a way as to make a flag, which he raised in the air above the spar.

Would they see it, or would they pass him by?

It was an agonizing thought, for he knew that if they once passed over the spot where he had been lost, and turned back, they would hardly be likely to come near him again in their search.

He raised his flag at arm's length and waved it to and fro, hoping that they might see him and head toward him; for on the course they were going now, they would not come within two leagues of him. Full of doubt, he still waved his flag in the air, when he felt something rub against his leg in the water. He looked down, and saw the small, peculiarly-shaped fish, which seamen dread, the pilot-fish, said to lead the shark to his prey.

Perhaps nothing could have been worse than this unlucky event. You ask what there was about this little fish to cause him terror. They are harmless in themselves, but, strange as it may seem, the appearance of the pilot-fish is certain to be followed by that of the shark.

No one knew this better than Dick Fenton, and he was terrified, not so much that he must do battle with the sharks, but that he must take down his signal, the only weapon he had. He might conquer the sharks, but in the meantime, would the ship pass by?

The Dolphin sailed on in majestic silence, and he still kept his signal flying, while the pilot-fish darted away.

Haston, stout ship! blow wind! rise sea! anything to hasten the coming of the Dolphin! Fly over the waves and bring him rescue soon.

Hurrah! He can see the crosstrees now, and if they have a glass in the top they can surely see him. If he can keep the signal flying for half an hour, he is saved, for there are sharp eyes on board the Dolphin, scanning the sea. Now is the time, of all others, when he must keep the signal up, but at this fatal moment he saw, within a hundred yards, five cimeter-shaped fins protruding from the water, and coming at him together.

The man-eaters, the tigers of the sea, are on him!

He lowered his flag instantly, and bracing himself, waited for his coming enemies. The foremost, turning on his back, rushed at him and received the long blade of the bowie in his vitals. The color of the sea about him changed instantly, for the knife had gone home.

Dick was furious now, for he was losing the precious moments when the ship was passing by. A groan burst from his lips as the sea tigers rushed at him together. It was at this moment that one of the men in the foretop of the Dolphin, imagining that he saw something, directed his glass at the spot. If the signal had been flying, he would have seen it, and the boy would have been saved. But Dick was bending low, stretching out his spear for a stroke at the nearest shark, and the glass passed over the spot where he lay without making him out.

And the Dolphin sailed in her fruitless search, and left him there alone! No, not alone, for four sharks were circling about him mad for his blood. Knowing their habits he wasted no blows upon them, but waited until one turned upon his back to seize him. Then the strange lance would pierce his vitals and the sea would be stained with gore.

Three were dead, and the last two became more wary. They separated, and one passed to the other side of the spar, and then both came at him with a rush.

How could he guard against both of them at once?

Dick was a lad full of expedients and he had a good memory. He remembered that the old sailors had told him that the "snout" of the shark is his most vulnerable point. He waited therefore, with his lance across his knees, and at the proper moment darted the blunt handle of the oar at the nose of the nearest shark, and struck him heavily. This done, he buried the blade in the abdomen of the second with his usual precision and force, paying no attention to the one he had struck first. The keen blade, forced downward by his powerful hand, passed entirely through the body of the great fish and severed the vertebræ, and the monster lay there, an inert mass, upon the surface of the sea. He had conquered, and hastily attaching his flag to the staff he turned to wave it at the approaching ship.

As he did so he uttered a wild cry full of horror, and indeed it was a terrible sight to him.

Why did he wave his flag so wildly, about after about issuing from his bursting throat?

That ten minutes spent in combat had proved his destruction.

At the moment when the battle commenced the Dolphin was preparing to go about, as the entire ship's company thought they had already moved too far to the east. While the combat went on the whale ship wore short 'round on her heel, and was off on a new course with the wind abeam. In vain the unlucky lad waved his flag and shouted with the strength of despair. Lower and lower sank the lofty masts of the whaler, the crosstrees went out of sight, the top-hamper disappeared, a dark spot hovered for a moment on the verge of the distant horizon, and once more the boy was left alone, with the dead sea-tigers all about him.

His heart gave way for the first time, and he sobbed aloud as his head dropped upon the spar in front, his arms resting upon the useless flag-staff, which he had laid across the spar in front as a sort of outrigger. He no longer cared for the sharks; let them come if they would, and he would send them after those who had robbed him of his chance of life. For nearly half an hour he lay in the same position, never raising his head. Then he started up suddenly with something of his old courage, scanning the horizon in search of a sail.

He had been reared under a good mother, who had taught him to bow submissively to his master's will. But it was hard, very hard, to forgive the man who had brought him to this, yet he did it; he bowed his head to forgive his brother Philip the evil he had wrought.

No sail!

Suddenly he heard a sound, such as he had often heard when a stricken whale is rushing up out of the sea. He knew that it could not be, and yet he looked eagerly at the spot from which the sound came in time to see a great black, wrinkled body hurled suddenly out of the sea within three hundred yards of the spot where he lay.

The whale was in agony, though for what reason the boy could not tell. It was enough that he was spouting blood, and had evidently been desperately wounded in some manner unknown.

The matter was soon decided, in a way for which the boy had not looked.

A great fish leaped suddenly from the water within a hundred yards of the wounded whale, elevating a long, sharp-pointed beak in the air before he disappeared beneath the sea. Then the boy understood that the assailant was that sea-gladiator, the swordfish, which does not hesitate to attack and bully the huge whale upon the slightest provocation, which is no provocation at all. Rushing up from the depths of the sea, he had pierced the whale from beneath in the manner described, inflicting a wound which would doubtless prove mortal. But the swordfish was not satisfied; he wished to "make assurance doubly sure," and had plunged beneath the waves for another blow.

Down he went to the distance of forty fathoms, pointed the long, bony weapon at the whale above him, and sped upward. The shock, when he struck, actually lifted the huge bulk of the whale a little, and he made a furious leap into the air, carrying with him his persistent enemy, the horn completely buried in the body of the whale; so deep, indeed, that all his efforts were not sufficient to draw it out. The biter was bitten; he would perish miserably, although he had destroyed his enemy, for he could not release himself.

The last blow had been a terrible one, passing completely through the more vital portion of the whale. In twenty minutes he was dead, floating helplessly upon the sea. The swordfish does not choose small antagonists, and this was a giant—a hundred barrels of oil and twelve of spermaceti, at least!

"That swordfish is a good harpooner," said Dick; "but he has fooled himself this time. How he would like to get clear, if he only knew how. That whale would be worth something to a whaler if they only happened along in time. I only wish they would; I'd give them my whale for a passage home."

He thought the matter over, and concluded to make his way to the whale, which would at least give him a chance to rest and keep him clear of the sharks, which would soon assemble to the feast. Using his flag-staff and weapon as a paddle he reached the side of the whale, and digging his knife into the blubber he drew himself up, and was soon standing firmly upon the broad back of the whale near the head. There, planting his spear firmly, he looked about him almost hopefully.

"I claim this island in the name of the United States of America," he said. "I will eat the island when I am hungry, and if I only had a cask of water I might make a good voyage yet. Who says that Sinbad the Sailor was a liar; he never beat this, I know."

He actually laughed as he stood there hearing the busy sharks at work below him. Some of them had attacked the swordfish, a creature they are very wary of upon occasions when he is able to take his own part.

"I hope the sharks won't eat my island entirely," he thought; "that would hardly be pleasant. Oh, for a ship! A Yankee, a Dutchman, or even a limejuicer! Anything but such a raft as this!"

He scanned the horizon again, and thought he saw a sail far to the south. In a short time he was certain of it, and stood watching, anxiously hoping that it would come his way, but it passed on and left him master of property which he would gladly have given over to any deserving whaler who might pass his way. But he was worn out, and driving his spear deeper into the whale's blubber he drew up his line, made it fast about his waist and the handle of his spear, and lay down to rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

To Prevent Mouldiness in Ink.—One and a half dozen cloves (more or less, according to the size of the bottle), bruised with gum arabic, are to be put into the bottle.

To Clean Black Cloth.—Dissolve one ounce of bicarbonate of ammonia in one quart of warm water. With this liquid rub the cloth, using a piece of flannel or black cloth for this purpose. After the application of this solution clean the cloth well with clean water; dry and iron it, brushing the cloth from time to time in the direction of the fibre.

To Clean Hair Brushes.—As hot water and soap very soon soften the hairs, and rubbing completes their destruction, use *soda* dissolved in cold water, instead. Soda, having an affinity for grease, cleans the brush with little friction. Do not set them near the fire, nor in the sun, to dry, but after shaking them well, set them on the point of the handle in a shady place.

Soft Soap mixed with a solution of potash, or caustic soda or pearlash, and slackened lime, mixed with sufficient water to form a paste, is an excellent solvent for old putty and paint. Either of these laid on with an old brush or rag, and left for some hours, will render the putty or paint easily removable.

First-rate Marking Ink.—Nitrate of silver, five parts; distilled water, twelve parts; powdered gum arabic, five parts; carbonate of soda, seven parts; solution of ammonia, ten parts. Heat gently to the boiling point, and heat it until it has a very dark color. This ink is very black, and is suitable for marking by stamps.

A Cure for Chilblains.—Take of ammoniac gum, half an ounce; reduce it into a smooth pulp with as little water as possible; then add half an ounce of extract of hemlock, and three drachms of the strongest mercurial ointment; the whole to be well mixed together. When used it should be spread on soft leather and sewed on the feet, and need not be removed above once a week. For recent chilblains, and for their prevention, this plaster is infallible. The above quantity is sufficient for a family of three or four children for the winter, if their feet are properly attended to.

For Corns.—Soak the feet in warm water for a quarter of an hour, and pare the corn close with a sharp razor, then anoint them night and morning with sweet oil. This will, after a short time, ease the pain, and, if persevered in, will also check their growth.

A Pleasant Cough Candy.—Take two tumblers. In one place a gill of flaxseed; fill the other with broken bits of slippery elm bark; fill both tumblers with hot water, and leave standing for two hours. In a saucepan place one and a half pounds of brown sugar. Strain into it, through muslin, all the liquid that will pour from two tumblerfulls of bark and flaxseed. Transfer to the fire, and stir until the candy seems upon the point of turning back to sugar. When this is seen to be the case, pour out instantly, and break into pieces when cold. This candy is surprisingly pleasant to the taste, and found beneficial, especially in the case of public speakers called upon to tax the voice while suffering from hoarseness.

KEEP ACCOUNTS.

We would urge upon every one—more especially on the young, whose habits are yet to be formed, the duty of keeping careful accounts. This is not performed by simply entering every dollar and cent spent, but of so balancing receipts and expenditures that one may know every day precisely how he stands in the world. When young men or young women are just beginning to earn money, it is wise for them never to owe a dollar, not even for a day. It is better to go without a hundred things than to go in debt; and the poorer they are, the more tyrannical will debt prove to be.

It is wise for every young man to refuse to incur debt, and to oblige himself to keep a clear and minute account of every dollar gained and spent. The habit once formed, it will be as easy to be methodical in money matters as to be careless. Small as this may seem, it will really exert a moral influence upon one's whole life. It is the foundation of business. If one begins to get on in life, he will have become so accustomed to method and a clear understanding of his affairs, that nothing will be left to chance.

Engineering skill two thousand years ago was not less remarkable than that of to-day, if our belief in the comparative lack of knowledge of the mechanic arts in those days is well founded. Excavations made a short distance from Rome, near the ancient city of Alatri, by Father Secchi, have disclosed the ruins of an immense aqueduct built two thousand years ago for the purpose of supplying Alatri with water from a neighboring mountain. The aqueduct was three hundred and forty feet high, supported upon arches and provided with strong pipes. The total length of the pipe was between four and five miles. No remains of the pipe have been found, but it is supposed that they were made of fire-clay and supported by masonry, as pipes of fire-clay used for drainage have been found in a field near Alatri.

If there is an heroic act in the world, it is the retention of an extraordinary piece of news for which everybody is impatient, though the divulgence of it would be like a spark in a powder-mill.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on himself.

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OUR CHRISTMAS STORY.

In our Next Issue (No. 23) will be commenced a charming Romance, full of pathos and power, entitled

Guilty or Not Guilty?

A Story of Christmas Eve.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

CHRISTMAS.

Again we welcome the coming of Christmas. What heart so sad, what life so lowly, that a thought of cheer and of joy does not lighten the load when we feel that Christmas is present! Christmas meetings, Christmas dinners and celebrations keep up the memories of home which might, perhaps, wither without the freshness of thought imparted at such reunions.

There can be no doubt that at Christmas time we are more willing than usual to listen to the promptings of our hearts, and encourage kindly sentiments toward each other. The prominent idea which fills the minds of all who reflect, and of multitudes who do not reflect, is that of a rubbing off old scores with all, of beginning again with new hopes and aspirations, and of a celebration of the compact with ourselves and the world by hospitality, good fellowship, good wishes and kindly greetings.

To children, Christmas is an especial delight. Already young hearts beat joyously at the thought of the approaching festival. Already the bright eyes grow brighter, and the innocent lips of happy children quiver and ripple into a smile, as they see mysterious packages left at the door. The Christmas tree needs no descriptive touches from our pen. Already the days and hours are being counted, until the moment arrives when the earnest young faces can catch a sight of the treasures that load its green boughs, and of the wonderful show they have been looking forward to for weeks.

In the happiness of Christmas rejoicings, let us remember "the poor we have always with us." It must be, indeed, a cold and narrow heart that cannot, at this happy, glad season, become warm and open as a blossom in spring time. To help the poor, cheer the mournful, and make happy the dear ones of the domestic circle, by gifts, according to our means, and congratulations and kind words as our hearts prompt, are not these enjoyments the bread of life and the wine of love that strengthen the best energies of the soul?

1875—Postage, Terms, Etc.

Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage *must be prepaid weekly, by the publisher, at the post-office in this city.*

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed for the coming year.

As the Post has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, as Postage to any part of the United States, hitherto paid by Subscribers, will, after the first of January, 1875, be paid by us without additional charge to Subscribers.

Since the Post passed into the hands of the present Editor and Proprietor, neither labor nor expense have been spared to make it the very best Literary and Family Paper published. New life and vigor have been infused into the old favorite; the best writers now contribute to its columns, and the reading matter, illustrations and typographical appearance are equal to the very best. The Post during the coming year will contain a larger fund of instruction, amusement and entertainment than can be procured, for the same terms, in any other paper published. It will be sent to any address, either singly or in clubs, on the following terms:

To Single Subscribers.—One copy, four months, $1.00; one copy, six months, $1.50; one copy, one year, $3.00.

To Clubs.—Four copies, one year, $10; which is $2.50 per copy. Eight copies, one year, for $20.00; and an additional copy, free, to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz.: $2.50 each.

The general custom of decorating the churches and houses with evergreens is descended from the Druids. They believed that sylvan spirits would dwell in the evergreen boughs and garlands until spring, and protect the house from evil spirits.

JOSEPHINE.

BY R. W. CHALMERS.

We do not know of any event in history that is so affecting or so full of pathos as the divorce of the Empress Josephine.

The Emperor Napoleon I. (the Great Emperor), weary of incessant wars, thought if he could form a marriage alliance with some one of the royal families of Europe, he might put an end to these conflicts and perpetuate the order of things established in France. For a long time he dreaded to speak upon the subject to Josephine, who had become aware of her impending doom, and was overwhelmed with grief. At last the fatal hour came when the emperor was to make the dreaded announcement to the empress. It was at the palace of Fontainbleau, the last day of November, 1809. Dark clouds obscured the sky, and a freezing wintry wind moaned through the towers of the castle. The emperor and empress dined alone. Neither had the heart to speak a word. As the attendants retired at the close of the repast, at which it was said that neither could eat a mouthful, the emperor, pale and trembling, took the hand of Josephine, and said:

"My own dear Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."

The dreadful blow prostrated the empress, and she fell fainting to the floor. The Count de Beaumont was called, and by the aid of the emperor Josephine was borne, apparently lifeless, to her apartment.

Queen Hortense (her daughter) was summoned. She said reproachfully to the emperor:

"My mother will descend from the throne as she ascended it, in obedience to your will. Her children, content to renounce grandeurs which have not made them happy, will gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and the most affectionate of mothers."

The emperor sat down and wept bitterly. Then raising his eyes, flooded with tears, he said to Hortense, whom he loved with parental fondness:

"Do not leave me, Hortense. Stay by me with Eugene. Help me to console your mother, and render her calm, resigned, and even happy, in remaining my friend while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugene (Josephine's son) soon came from Italy. He immediately repaired to his mother's apartment, and, clasping her in his arms, they wept in mutual anguish. He then entered the cabinet of the emperor, and recoiling from the cordial embrace with which the emperor would have greeted him, said:

"Sire, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"What!" said the emperor sadly and with deep emotion, "will you, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene firmly replied. "The son of her who is no longer empress cannot remain Viceroy of Italy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

The emperor was deeply moved. Tears filled his eyes.

"You know," said he, "the stern necessity which compels this measure. Will you forsake me? Who, then, should I have a son, the object of my desires and the preserver of my interests, who will watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father?"

They both then retired to the garden, and, arm and arm, for a long time walked up and down one of its avenues engaged in earnest conversation. The noble Josephine, with a mother's love, could not forget the interests of her children. She urged Eugene to remain faithful to the emperor.

"The emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, Eugene; your more than father. To him you are indebted for everything. To him, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

A fortnight passed, and the day arrived for the consummation of this cruel sacrifice. It was the 15th of December. All the members of the imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. An extreme paleness overspread the face of the emperor. In his brief address to the assembled dignitaries, he said:

"The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. It is this consideration alone which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. God only knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. Let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine then endeavored to read her consent to the divorce. But tears blinded her eyes and sobbings choked her voice. Sinking into a chair, and handing the paper to M. Reynaud, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and remained in that position while it was read aloud.

Napoleon then embraced Josephine, and led her, almost fainting, to her apartment, where he left her alone with her children. The next day the Senate met to sanction the divorce. The emperor, careworn, wretched, pale as a statue, leaned against a pillar. A low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the gloomy silence of the room. There was a table in the centre of the apartment, on which there was a writing apparatus of gold. Josephine entered leaning upon the arm of Hortense. Her face was as pale as the muslin dress she wore. The daughter, not possessing the fortitude of the mother, was sobbing aloud. The whole assembly rose. Tears blinded nearly all eyes. Josephine sat down, and, leaning her pallid forehead upon her hand, listened to the reading of the act of separation. Eugene and Hortense stood by the side of their mother, the daughter weeping convulsively.

Josephine, as the reading was finished, for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then, rising, in clear, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, and, taking the pen, signed the deed which sundered the dearest ties which can be formed on earth.

Eugene fell fainting to the floor. His inanimate form was borne out of the room by the attendants. Josephine retired with her daughter. Night came. The emperor, utterly wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful wife, when the door was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered.

Her eyes were swollen and her hair and dress disordered. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was doing, as with hesitating, tottering steps, she approached the bed. Then, in a delirium of grief, all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and she threw herself upon the bed, clasped the neck of the emperor in her arms, and exclaimed, "My husband! my husband!" while sobbing as though her heart would break.

Napoleon also wept convulsively. He folded Josephine in his arms, and assured her of his undying love. For some time they remained in each other's embrace, while mutual words of tenderness were interchanged. The *valet-de-chambre*, who thus far had been present, was dismissed, and for an hour the emperor and empress continued in this their last private interview. Josephine then departed forever from the husband whom she had so long and tenderly loved. They remained the best of friends until the death of the empress. And one of the last words of the emperor, as he was dying at St. Helena, was "Josephine."

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

PAIN AND ITS USES.

Pain is a sentinel that warns us of danger; and therefore it stands upon the outposts of this citadel, the body; for pain is keenest on the surface. Now, granted, that pain does us some harm, does it not save us from worse? If fire did not pain us, it might burn us up. If cold did not pain us, it might freeze us to death. If disease did not pain us, we might die before we knew that we were sick. If contacts, of all sorts, with surrounding objects—the woodman's axe, carpenter's saw, the farmer's harrow—did not hurt us, they might cut and tear us to pieces. Think of it. A knife held by a careless hand approaches us; it touches the skin. We start back. Why? Because there is pain. But for this, it might have entered the body, and cut some vital organ. An old Greek verse says, "The gods *sell* us the blessing they bestow." These are the best terms for us. They make us careful and prudent. Unconditional giving might lead to reckless squandering. Pain, then, is a teacher of prudence, of self-care. Nay, and if happiness alone were considered, it might be argued that an occasional bitter drop gives a zest to the cup of enjoyment—as hunger does to the feast, or sharp cold to the winters. But in moral relations, the argument is still stronger.

Here is a human soul clothed with a body to be trained to virtue, to self-command, to spiritual strength and nobleness. Would a perpetual ease and pleasure, a perpetual luxury of sensation, best do that? Every wise and thoughtful man, at least, knows that some pain, some sickness, some rebuke of the senses, is good for him. Such a man often feels, in long-continued states of ease and comfort, that it is time something should come to try, to discipline, to ennure and ennoble his nature. He is afraid of uninterrupted enjoyment. Pain, patiently and nobly endured, peculiarly strengthens and spiritualizes the soul. Heinrich Heine says, "Only the man who has known bodily suffering is truly a man." The loftiest states of minds, and, compared with mere sensual indulgence, the happiest are those of courageous endurance, and the martyr is often happier than the voluptuary.

Cicero says, speaking of the sacrifice of Regulus, and after describing his happy fortunes—he had carried on great wars, and had been twice consul, had triumphal honors decreed to him—"Nothing was so great as his death;" when to fulfill his word, he went back to Carthage to suffer all that could be inflicted upon him. But now, it may be asked, could not the same end be gained, the same nobleness, the same constancy be achieved without pain? Which is, I think, as if one should ask, whether the wood could have been cut into shape without the axe, or the marble without the chisel, or the gold purified without the furnace. But let us answer; and we say, not in any way that we conceive of. It may have been *absolutely* inevitable in the nature of things, that a frame sensitive to pleasure should be liable to pain. This may be the explanation of that long continued and severe pain, which presents the hardest problem in our physical life. With such causes foregoing, such a train of influences, mental, moral or physical, as produced this terrible suffering, it may have been impossible, without a miracle, to prevent it. Ordinarily, indeed, such pain is not long continued. It destroys life, or life destroys it. "If severe, brief—if long, light," is the old adage, and it is true. But if it fail, and the terrible case of protracted anguish is before us, we may be obliged to leave it under some great law of the human constitution, which makes prevention impossible. I may be told that such pain does *no* good; that it breaks down the mind and body together; and, therefore, that it *cannot*, in any way, be useful. But we do not know that. In the great cycle of eternity, all may come right. How much happier the sufferer may be forever, for this present pain, we know not. All experience, all known analogies, favor the idea of that immense remuneration. Dr. Dewey.

"Saturday Evening Post."—Last May we called the attention of our readers to this sterling literary weekly, and predicted that, under the able management of our old friend, R. J. C. Walker, it would take a new lease of life and become one of the best of its class. A glance at it shows that we predicted true, and to-day it is not only the best in this country but the handsomest. Free from all the sensational blood-and-thunder stories, so common now-a-days, it presents to its readers only the cream of literature, and numbers among its corps of contributors such well-known authors as Charles Morris, Esq., Margaret M. Hosmer, Captain Clewline, whose "Gentleman Dick," the best boys' story ever published, is now running in its columns, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, and a host of others.—*From York County Independent, Saco, Maine, November 24th, 1874.*

REMEMBER.

BY F. CAMPBELL.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing,
For the knot there's no untying.

Yet remember 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has rueing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries,
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when prest'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily;
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last forever.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 12.—HIDDEN TREASURE.

The land (if there is any such in these days) that has no Christmas in it, must, indeed, be miserable. There is a freemasonry in the kindly greeting, "A Merry Christmas," a universalism which places all mankind upon one level, bearing equal hope, and some share of happiness, however small, to every one.

It adds to our happiness this Christmas morning to know of the many good Samaritans who have undertaken the good works (in more substantial shape) of our old friend, Santa Claus. We know that in this large city, as in all large cities, there is much poverty hidden away somewhere (goodness knows where, sometimes), and that many good-humored Christians are endeavoring to make even poverty good-humored, so that all may feel some happiness to-day.

I have arisen early, and from my frosted window I can but just discern the frosted windows opposite. I am musing upon past Christmases (as every one will do to-day), counting the years, one by one, from my earliest recollection. I am laughing at the remembrance of merry Christmases of old, at the trouble we took, in those days, to cultivate the good-will and friendship of the mysterious benefactor of youthful virtue, Santa Claus, and at the solemn awe inspired by Gretchen's stories of Kriss Kringle. I am aroused by the sound of hurried footsteps, and I am led to wonder where Eva Lynden can be going thus early, this Christmas morning, with that great basket on her arm.

But I can guess. There is a poor needle-woman living in the next street, who is bedridden, I hear. Jennie Bowers has been sick this long time, and, one by one, all the cherished relics of happier days, which made her one room something akin to home to her, have disappeared. When Eva found her, she was in great distress—such distress that hides itself from the world, despairingly, and is, therefore, harder to reach and succor. Eva sympathized with the sick girl, and, by many thoughtful, unobtrusive acts, relieved her suffering.

"Well, Jennie," said Eva, thoughtfully, "this is a lonesome Christmas for you."

"Indeed, it would be, but for your kindness, Miss Lynden," replied the sick woman. "But the time will pass bravely now."

She smiled with a great effort, and tried to make her benefactress believe that she was quite happy. For the moment she was really so. Eva's bright face had the kind of sunshine in it which bids all sorrowful shadows defiance, and melts them speedily away.

"I shall think of you, Mrs. Lynden; picture to myself the scenes which you will share, and, when these fade, and I grow tired, I will thank heaven for the mercy which has sent you to me, and dream of that great festival which will be Christmas always."

"But will you be quite alone?"

"Oh, no; some of the neighbors will look in now and then; but my thoughts are not bad company, for I am used to them, and they never deceive me."

"You must not grow melancholy."

"It is best for a poor, sick woman, like myself, to be alone sometimes. I can appreciate God's goodness better, then."

"Is there anything more that I can do?"

"No, indeed. You are too good. I can never repay you—never!"

"You must not speak of that, or I shall not come again," said Eva, kindly; and, taking up her basket, empty now, she left the room which her presence had beautified.

Eva's mission to the sick girl had not passed unnoticed, for, when she reached the landing on the floor below, a door opened upon creaking hinges, and a little, old man, bowing and smiling deferentially, attracted her attention, and stopped her further progress.

He was an oddity. There was something in his appearance highly suggestive of the ludicrous, but this was accompanied by a harshness in the wrinkles of his wizened face, a coldness in the little, oval eyes, and something so repulsive in the manner in which he bowed and smiled, that Eva shuddered.

"I beg your pardon," said the old man, "but if I may be allowed to venture——"

Here he bowed and smiled again, and waited for Eva to speak; but she was so surprised that she made no reply whatever.

Then the oddity continued:

"You have been visiting my poor neighbor. That is good of you—kind of you. You are one of those charitable ladies who strive to alleviate the miseries of the unfortunate. I honor you. I respect you. Necessarily you are frequently imposed on, but you do not mind that. Of course not. The good you do repays you——"

"I am afraid you greatly exaggerate my humble endeavors," said Eva, laughing. "I can do very little."

The old man shook his head dolefully, then opened the door from which he had passed to intercept the lady.

"Will you honor me," he said. "Only for a moment. I will not detain you longer. Indeed I will not."

Eva thought it possible that the desired interview might have some relation to the needs of her *protegee* upstairs. So she accepted, not without some misgiving, the old man's invitation.

With great ceremony he ushered her into the room, and placed a ricketty chair for her accommodation. It was the best one in the room, for the furniture was very scanty and very old.

Eva glanced around her, and shuddered again, the place was so cold and comfortless.

"I would do something, too," said the whimsical fellow, opening and closing his oval eyes as if the daylight pained him. "You labor in a cause which I would delight to serve, but I am helpless, for I have not the means."

He shook his head several times, emphatically, and Eva could not doubt the truth of this assertion, but she could not discern its application, nor understand why he had sought an interview which commenced to be unpleasant.

Presently the door opened, and a boy entered—a poor, pale, emaciated creature, dressed in a suit by several degrees too small, and having such a shrinking, pitiful look, that Eva drew back with mingled horror and disgust.

"This is my nephew," said the old man, proudly, and he smiled again, as if the boy was a credit to him, and not a little, ragged street boy, cowering beneath his touch.

"What is the purpose of this interview?" said Eva, rising.

"Pray be seated, madam. Do not be alarmed," said the old man, courteously. "My nephew, I am ashamed to say, is compelled to share my poverty, having no other home."

"Can nothing be done for him?" said Eva, curiously, for she pitied the boy. His eyes were filled with tears, and he looked into her face so pleadingly, she could not deny her sympathy.

"How accurately you have read my thoughts," said the man, with pretended gratitude. "How generously you anticipate them. That is my great trouble, my chief care. Can nothing be done for him?"

Eva looked up suspiciously, but the man seemed really much concerned. Her eyes sought the boy's again. They were turned toward the man appealingly.

"What is your name?" said Eva.

The boy glanced first toward her, then turned to the man again, but ventured no reply.

"I call him Will," replied the stranger. "He is very bashful—so unused to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. This morning my heart ached for him. He had been dreaming, he said, about Santa Claus, and I told him there was no longer any Santa Claus for him or me. I nearly cried—I did, really—to think that I could not cheer him a little. (The notion of this old man ever crying made Eva smile again.) It seemed so hard upon the poor boy that Christmas should pass so miserably."

"Have you no means?" said Eva.

The old man shook his head with still greater energy.

"My means are very trifling," he replied—"trifling and precarious."

A sob from the boy again attracted Eva's attention to him. His face was crimson with shame, his head bowed, and his hand half raised in deprecation.

"Let the boy come with me," said Eva, pointedly. "My husband will see him doubtlessly, and, if anything can be done——"

The old man was evidently surprised at this new turn of affairs. His object, no doubt, was to obtain assistance from Eva, but it was questionable if he was quite willing for the boy to accompany her to her home.

"I fear he is quite unfit," he stammered.

"Never mind that," said Eva. "If I do not, it need not concern you much."

There was no help for it, it seemed; so the boy was sent into an inner room to make himself more presentable, and after awhile, to Eva's intense relief, the old man followed him.

The boy was first to return. He went straight to Eva's side, and whispered;

"Please, miss, he's a fraud!"

"A what?" said Eva.

"A miser, miss, they say; but I don't know——"

He had not time to say more, for the old man returned suspiciously. Eva glanced round the room, but, save the scantiness of the furniture, there was nothing to justify remark, except it might be the oil painting, yellowed and cracked with time, which seemed so strangely out of place upon a wall which had no other decoration.

Eva's glance was intercepted by the old man. She approached the picture to examine it more minutely.

"A portrait?" she inquired.

"Yes," said the incomprehensible old man. "Don't touch it; please don't touch it. It might fall. It hasn't been moved for years."

The man was so visibly affected that Eva purposely placed her hand upon one corner. He then gave utterance to such an unearthly yell of anguish that Eva started in dismay, and the picture did fall, much to her surprise and to his consternation also.

The picture fell with considerable force, for although small, it was very heavy. The frame was broken and the old man yelled again, for, wonder of wonders, there rolled from the picture, loosely upon the floor, quite a number of gold dollars!

The miser became enraged, and caught up his treasure hastily, too hastily, for the action loosened a roll of crisp bank notes, which fluttered about the room. It was pitiful to note his frightened look while he picked them up again.

"How could I have forgotten them?" he muttered. "Surely they must have rested there for years."

But he did not seem to be so delighted with his newly discovered treasure as he might have been. In fact, he seemed to regret its coming to him, and wrung his hands in a hopeless, frenzied way, which shows how near akin extreme joy is to the same extremity of grief.

Eva turned away disgusted. She called the boy to her.

"Are you happy here?" she said.

The boy trembled and turned pale.

"You may answer me," she said; "he will not harm you."

"He will beat me," said the boy.

Nor could she doubt that he would.

The miser had by this time collected his beloved gold, and he raised himself to glare upon them both. It was a look that spoke volumes.

"This is your doing," he muttered, to the boy. "Yours! yours!"

The frenzied look of intense hatred boded evil to the boy.

"Come with me," said Eva; and the boy followed without a word, only too glad, no doubt, to escape from the miser's clutches.

"How much more deserving is poor, sick Jennie," thought Eva, drawing a long breath when she reached the street once more. "My husband will attend to the welfare of this poor boy; he will find him some employment. But if the miser should reclaim him? He will not dare to do that, after the false pretensions he has made."

If Jennie, the needle-woman, should recover speedily, she will owe to little Eva a debt of gratitude; and Will, the boy she has rescued from harm maybe, will owe her something too.

Let us leave the miser to his solitary fare, and wish him a merrier Christmas, and a repentant one.

OVER THE WAY.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

An artist's studio—untidy, of course. Here a stretched canvas, models and sketches there, a litter of broken casts and torn engravings in one corner, a few pieces of antique furniture in the other.

Near to the window sat the artist smoking. Upon a settee, drawn into the centre of the room, reclined the artist's friend, Frank Browne.

"My dear fellow," said the first-named gentleman, as if in answer to some protest or expostulation, "these things are not done in a moment, you know. There's a vast difference between a battle-scene like this and—and a 'portrait of a lady.'"

"Pshaw! Here is the sketch," returned the other, smiling: "there is the canvas. Yet, after three months' preparation, where, oh! where, is the picture?"

The artist glanced toward the canvas ruefully. His friend was right. Three whole months had been wasted—positively wasted.

"There is only one way of accounting for it, Edgar, continued Frank, merrily. "You are lazy—or in love."

"Well, the fact is—why disguise it longer?—I am distracted; my thoughts wander. Battle-scenes, forsooth! Who could paint battle-scenes with a goddess, a nymph, an angel, living exactly over the way?"

"I told you so," said his companion, laughing. "Who is she?"

"I don't know. All I know is that every morning, just at my work-time, Frank, she comes out upon the balcony. She sits there sewing, embroidering or something; has done so for the last two months. Well, my eyes wander that way naturally. What can I do? Her face attracts me; her figure is a model; her grace is perfect. Presently she retires. Then I go to work, but as to getting any face into my battle-piece except hers—it's impossible, I tell you!"

"How distressing!" answered Frank; "really, I'm sorry for you. Come, Edgar," he continued, in a lively vein, "no reveries. 'Tis the witching hour of night, when artists yawn and sensible people go to the opera. Come with me."

After a little persuasion he consented. Half an hour later they were seated in a private box. Had destiny any hand in it, I wonder? They were scarcely seated when Frank Browne made a very pleasant discovery.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, handing the opera-glass to his friend; "what a remarkable coincidence! Look at the lady opposite, Edgar. Is *that* your destiny?"

Edgar started.

"It must be—it is," he said.

"Really, Edgar, you are an excellent portrait painter! I should hardly have thought it possible, but your sketches are remarkably life-like. I don't wish to flatter you, but—where are you going?"

Edgar had risen from his seat.

"Don't you see?" he answered, vaguely. "She's with the Jones'—my most intimate friends—really you must excuse me; this is the golden opportunity."

"Golden fiddlesticks, wait here till the *third act*."

"No time like the present," said Edgar, and he slipped away.

Presently he was seen in the opposite box. He was cordially welcomed. The young artist was a favorite everywhere. There was a great deal of handshaking, then a few whispered words. After a time Mrs. Jones, who was always good-natured, whispered to the young lady.

"Certainly," said she.

Then the ceremony of introduction was performed.

"Miss Melton, permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Edgar Thompson." And Mr. Edgar Thompson bowed, Miss Melton acknowledging the salutation very graciously.

Then the conversation became general. The opera was, of course, the leading theme. The second act was over before Edgar remembered his friend, but he had left, disgusted at having had to sit alone so long.

After that the Jones' had very little peace. Edgar availed himself of the privilege of an old friend, and induced Mrs. Jones to interest herself in his behalf. He met Miss Melton frequently at her house—quite accidentally, of course. The battle-piece was totally neglected. Every scrap of canvas, every inch of paper was illustrated with the profile of the young lady. Our artist was as madly in love as any man ever was or will be. One day there was an invasion of his studio. The Jones' came to examine the famous battle-scene, which was not progressing very favorably, and with them came Miss Melton. Edgar tried to hide his portfolio. It was useless. Mrs. Jones discovered it, and ransacked its contents.

"Bless me, what an excellent likeness," she exclaimed. "Oh, Emily, look here."

"Don't, Miss Melton; don't, I beseech you," stammered Edgar. But the young lady was human; of course she must examine the forbidden picture. She blushed vividly.

"The face is mine," she said; "but you needn't have taken me in—in that way, Mr. Thompson."

"Pardon me, Miss Melton; we artists take great liberties sometimes, and—and the trifle was sketched before I had the pleasure of knowing you."

"Indeed."

"You appeared upon the balcony sometimes, you know, and I could not resist the impulse. You must forgive me."

Happily she was still unfettered, and really admired the artist very much. Whether she would ever have loved him, had he not asked her for her love, is doubtful. But he did ask her, impulsively, and she promised to "consider."

"If you refuse me," he said, "that battle-piece will never be finished, I am sure."

"What a loss to art and to humanity," she replied, coquettishly, as her eyes met his.

"But, as a punishment for wasting your time in sketching my likeness so often," she said, "I won't promise to marry you until that picture is finished!"

Three months afterwards he led her triumphantly "over the way." The picture was finished, and an exquisite work of art it was. He had an object in his work, and wonderfully well he had accomplished it. Perhaps the most admirable feature in the painting was the figure of a young girl, a soldier's daughter, tending the wounded. It was Emily Melton, decidedly.

"Upon my word, you take great liberties with my face."

"Do I?" he said, kissing her.

THE FAIRY STAFF.

BY MRS. E. PETERS.

A boy named Frederick went out to seek his fortune, for his father was so poor, and there were so many children at home, that he could no longer find bread for them all to eat. So, traveling along the highroad, it happened that Frederick found a little boy, sitting flat down in the dust, and crying pitifully.

"What is the matter, now?" asked Frederick, who was very kind-hearted.

"Alas!" sobbed the child, "this morning I came out to play, and, in chasing my ball, I ran on so far that I have lost my way, and cannot get home. What shall I do, for the night is coming, and my mother says that then wild beasts are abroad."

"Do not cry," answered Frederick; "I will find your house for you."

And taking the tired little boy in his arms, he walked on, stopping at every house, and asking if they had lost a little boy there. Some answered him crossly, and some laughed, but no one knew the child. At last night came, and Frederick gave the little one some of his own supper, and lay down with him in his arms. On the third day they found an old hut in a forest, and a woman crying there.

"That is my mother," said the boy, running in to comfort her.

So Frederick went on his way glad enough; but the child was very sorry, because he had nothing to give but a little gold key.

"You must take it," he said to Frederick. "It is not worth much, but it may be of some use."

So Frederick put it in his pocket, and journeyed on. He had not gone far before he found an old man groaning in the woods.

"What is the matter, good father?" asked Frederick.

"Alas!" replied the old man, "I have had a fall, and I must die here, for I can never reach home."

"That you shall not," answered Frederick, "for I will carry you."

And lifting the old man on his shoulders, with much trouble, he set out again on the road. It was an entire day's journey to the old man's house, and Frederick was obliged often to set him down and rest, but he did not once complain. So when they reached the old man's house, the latter exclaimed:

"Ah! my son, why have I nothing to give you? Here, take my staff. It is only an oaken staff, but it may be of some use to you."

"Indeed, I will not take your staff," said Frederick. "I do not want any reward."

"No; you must take it," insisted the old man. "Unless you do, I shall be ill through vexation."

So finding the old man so much in earnest, Frederick took the staff, and continued on his way. Just about nightfall he came to a giant's castle—a monstrous building, taller than the greatest tree, with huge towers, and a hundred steps leading up to the door. In this door sat the giant himself; a very fierce and cruel giant he was, and frightful to look at; but he was cunning as he was ugly, and when Frederick came to the castle he thought that it was a pretty little cottage, with a white-haired old dame sitting by her spinning-wheel in the door.

"Can I stay here to-night?" asked Frederick. "I will chop your wood, or milk your cow, or do anything for you, you like."

"My wood is chopped and my cow is milked," said the old woman; "but come in, and you shall have a bed and supper for all that."

So Frederick, suspecting no evil, went in, and after eating heartily of bread and milk, said his prayers and went to bed. Think, then, how astonished he was in the morning to find himself in a golden bed, in a room with monstrous high ceilings and ten great windows, all hung with damask! While he started about him, and wondered how he came there, he heard a heavy foot on the stairs and a sound of loud breathing, and in walked the giant, on seeing whom Frederick was dreadfully alarmed, and gave himself up for lost.

"Let us see!" said the giant, coming up to the bed. "Are you there, Frederick; are you there?"

Then he took him up in one great hand and felt him carefully.

"Thin! thin!" he said to himself, much disgusted. "He won't be fit to eat under a week. I must give him some of my fattening stews."

"I won't eat a bit," Frederick thought to himself; but, in the first place, he became very hungry; next, when the stew came, it was so good, you never smelt or saw anything so delicious. By-and-bye, Frederick ate it, every bit, up. That night came up a "roast," just as nice; the next morning arrived a "broil." Frederick said to himself every time, "I won't eat!" but he did eat all the time, and grew fat so fast that one morning the giant looked quite delighted, and said to himself, "Almost fat enough! almost fat enough!"

Frederick was terribly frightened at that, and went to the windows, but there was no chance there. Then he went to the door.

"You can't open me," said the door.

"I would if I had a key," answered Frederick, and putting his hand in his pocket he felt there the key of gold, which he had forgotten.

As soon as he did that the door opened wide, saying, "I might as well let you out, for you have there the key that will open any door."

In this way Frederick got out of the castle; but he had not gone far when the windows, spying him, began to call out, "Master, your meat is running away! master, your meat is running away!" and out came the giant running after him; and, having such long legs, in three steps he had caught him up, and was ready to seize him. But Frederick was determined to die there, if die he must, and struck at the giant with the old man's staff, which he had brought with him without thinking of it. No sooner had it touched the giant than he fell down, roaring out, "Oh, I am dead! I am killed!"

And so he was, sure enough; and Frederick took possession of his castle, and lived there like a great lord; for, of course you know, and I suppose you knew all the time, though he never suspected it, that the staff was a fairy staff, given him for his kindness of heart.

SAVED FROM A CRIME.

BY BURR THORNBURY.

John Dalton was alone in his private office at home. He sat at his desk pondering profoundly some matter that occupied his mind. The expression of his countenance was troubled and harrassed, a fierce, sudden light of resolution flashing up in it momentarily at times, and then fading out, leaving the old, anxious look more noticeable than before.

"I dare do it—I *will* do it!" he exclaimed to himself at last, with lips settling into an expression of final firmness. "A stroke of my pen here and there, and these papers will be altered to tenfold their present value. Everything has been so arranged that now I need but a little courage to complete the work. It will be forgery, it is true, but who will find me out? The crime can never be proved upon me. Yet, admitting that there is a possibility of detection, better that in the future than ruin, absolute ruin, in the present. I *cannot* come down to beggary. Oh, my dear wife! my precious children! but for you I could endure poverty. For the sake of preserving you from it, I must do this deed; and I must not falter, else my determination will fail me."

He took up his pen, and dipped it in the ink. The documents, in the alteration of which to a fictitous value he was about to exercise his skill as a penman, lay before him, ready to receive the fatal addition. His pen touched the paper, but at that moment there was an interruption at the door of the apartment. A brief and somewhat hesitating rap had been made upon it.

Mr. Dalton, with a frown of vexation upon his face at having been disturbed, arose and opened the door.

There stood his eldest child, a fine, bright little boy, just of an age to begin in earnest the studies of childhood. In his hand he held a piece of foolscap, on which, in straggling and imperfect characters, was a specimen of his attempts at writing. Freddie evidently considered his efforts a success, and desired to show his father the improvement that had been made in his penmanship.

"Please, papa," he said, in a hesitating tone, as if deprecating the interruption of his father's work.

"Well, Freddie!" said Mr. Dalton, with some impatience still, though it lessened as he noted the shy eagerness of his son's face.

"Won't you please look at my writing? Mamma sent me to show it to you."

"She did?" said Mr. Dalton, laying down his pen, and feeling something like a thrill pass through his frame, the interruption was at such a startling juncture.

"Yes," said Freddie, delighted at the sign of his father's interest in the "copy." "Oh, papa! when I can write like *you*, won't I be glad!"

John Dalton started as if struck by some invisible hand. A picture, a fearful picture, flashed upon his mind.

"Like me!" he groaned to himself. "Oh, God! if ever you should, my boy, and employ your skill as I was about to employ mine!"

Freddie's earnest, innocent eyes looked up to his father, questioning as to the cause of the latter's emotion, for even the child saw that he was strangely moved.

And John Dalton was, indeed.

The picture that was before his mind was of his son, grown to man's estate, tempted, and sinfully determined, even as he himself had just been. If his boy were to imitate him in one respect, why not in another? Perhaps the time would come, just as it was prepictured, when, by a stroke of his pen, Freddie Dalton would make himself a criminal. "Let me do nothing," prayed the father, in strong and secret frenzy, "that I would not have my boy do after me!". Then, aloud, he said:

"Freddie, your effort is very good. Run to your play now, but leave your copy with me. *I am very glad you came!*"

Mr. Dalton spoke in a strange, trembling tone that Freddie did not understand. He did not know—he never knew—the full meaning of the words. Glad of his father's praise of his crude penmanship, he left the room.

Mr. Dalton, with something like tears in his eyes, when the little fellow had gone, gazed upon the "copy" the latter had left.

"God sent him to save me," he murmured.

Happy interruption!

John Dalton rose, strengthened and rejoicing, and paced the room. There was a clear light of resolution and rectitude now in his eye. He was no longer in danger of the tempter. Whatever else might come, crime and disgrace should not.

THE TRUE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

The story of Cinderella is familiar to every one, and yet there are few that treasure it up as in any respect true. But it has a foundation and a reality that really need no fairy godmother, with her pumpkin and her rats, to make an entertaining tale. It is as follows:

"In about the year 1730, a French actor by the name of Thevenard, lived in Paris. He was rich and talented, but he had no wife, and we may believe he had never loved any one, but gave all his affection to those ideal characters that he could represent so finely on the stage. One day, as he was walking leisurely along the streets of Paris, he came upon a cobbler's stall, and his eye was attracted by a dainty little shoe which lay there waiting for repairs. His imagination began immediately to form the little foot that must fit such a nice little shoe. He examined it well, but only to admire it more and more. He went to the stall of the cobbler again, but could learn nothing in regard to the owner of the shoe. This only increased his eagerness, and made him more determined to know to whom it belonged. Day by day he was disappointed, but he was not discouraged.

"At last the little foot needed the little shoe, and Thevenard met the owner, a poor girl, whose parents belonged to the humblest class. But the ardent actor thought not of caste or family. His heart had already pronounced the little one his wife. He married the girl, with no question of what people would say, and felt joy enough in hearing the tread of the light, nimble feet through his silent rooms, to pay him for the sacrifice of people's approval. This is the true story of Cinderella, and from which the child-romance sprang."

We are not merely working, intellectual machines, but social puzzles, whose solution is the work of a life.

AH! WELL-A-DAY.

BY MRS. ARKWRIGHT.

I used to love the Winter cold,
And when my daily task was done
To roll the snowy ball, and hold
My crystal daggers in the sun.
How beautiful, how bright!
How soon they melt away,
Till drop by drop they vanish quite—
Ah! well-a-day!

And then the Spring, the smiling Spring,
The flowers, the fruit, the murmuring rill!
To chase the shadows o'er the hill
And dance within the fairy ring.
Ye flowers so bright and gay
Within the garden wall,
Ye'll meet again all smiling, all—
Ah! well-a-day!

Until'd the Summer's heat to bear,
Beneath the flow'ry load to bend,
The mimic banquet to prepare,
And share it with some joyous friend!
How soon the day is done—
The longest summer day!
'Tis morn—'tis noon—'tis set of sun—
Ah! well-a-day!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. MARVIN'S SCOUT.

Night was rapidly approaching when the released prisoners straggled into Nacogdoches, weary from their long walk, yet overjoyed at their escape from the savages.

A few of the soldiers accompanied them. The rest had fallen back some five miles to an appointed rendezvous, where the smaller detachment had joined the main body.

The news of the fight, and the repulse of the rangers, spread rapidly through the town, causing great excitement and some fear among the citizens.

The fugitives were eagerly questioned, and were obliged to give to increasing and deeply interested audiences the story of their capture and escape.

The simple details affected the hearers more than could have done the most thrilling sensation. Pictures of quiet homes, of happy families, of the sudden onset of the red foe, of fathers shot down, sons brutally murdered, houses condemned to the flames, the weak and strong alike forced to rapid marches by their cruel captors—all this, and more, was graphically conveyed in the simple recitals of the fugitives, until the excitement of the hearers became rage and a burning desire for revenge.

The story of Captain Allen's achievement, and their rescue, was not less exciting. The captain was everywhere a favorite, and many were the opinions given, that, if he had been in command of the main body, the repulse would not have occurred.

His desire to fulfill his promise to Major Amberly had led him to take personal command of the flanking detachment, and had resulted in his being now a prisoner.

The news of the repulse, and of Captain Allen's loss, came quickly to the major in his quarters, and excited him intensely. Whether the captain was alive or dead, no one knew. He had been seen last prostrated by the club of the gigantic chief, and cut off from his men by a line of eager savages. The natural conclusion was, that he had been slaughtered by those bloodthirsty foes.

A desperate endeavor had been made by his men to rescue him, but in vain; the foe had become too strong. Two of the Indians were slain in this onset; one of the whites had fallen; step by step the others were forced to retreat into the depths of the forest, no man of them without bruised limbs and bleeding bodies.

The fierce pursuit of the savages had been kept up for several miles, but the stubborn and stalwart rangers refused to seek safety in flight. They gave more wounds than they received. The flying fugitives were safe in their rear. The Indians finally desisted from pursuit of men too proud to fly, and whose strength and skill were fast rendering the numbers of the contestants less unequal.

It was our former friend, Mr. Marvin, who conveyed these tidings to the imprisoned officer. He had seen and heard the story of several of the fugitives, and hastened to inform his friend of a circumstance which might have powerful influence over his own fate.

"Captain Allen killed!" cried the major, in horrified tones.

"That is not so sure," replied Mr. Marvin. "He fell into the hands of the savages. The soldiers say that the blow of the war-club was broken by his sword. He was likely only stunned."

"You do not know what Indians are in the heat of battle," said the major, impatiently. "They are utterly without mercy. They will wreak their vengeance on the dead, as well as on the living."

"But these Indians had their hands full with the living. I still have hopes of Frank's life."

"You saw the fugitives?"

"The released prisoners, do you mean?"

"Yes, yes! Did you see them?"

"Four or five only. There were ten in all, they say."

"And did you hear nothing about the rest?" demanded the major. "Who were they? All settlers? Were there any persons of higher grade among them?"

"They were all settlers."

"Thank heaven!" replied the major. "I feared my daughter was among them, and that she had been subjected to the indignities and sufferings of imprisonment in savage hands."

"Your daughter!" cried Mr. Marvin, in astonishment.

"She was on her way here—should have been here to-day."

"In times like these?" asked Mr. Marvin, reproachfully. "A delicately nurtured young lady is hardly fitted to encounter the perils and hardships of such a journey."

"When she started there was no apparent danger of an Indian raid. She was dwelling with a relative in Austin. When Colonel Brownson had me arrested, I saw at once the peril in which my imprudence had involved me, and sent word by a trusty messenger to this relative to represent my case to President Lamar. My messenger returned day before yesterday, informing me that the application had been successful, and that my daughter had insisted on being herself the bearer of the important papers. She set out, accompanied by a young American officer, and should have been here to-day."

"She is truly a soldier's daughter," replied Mr. Marvin, in admiration. "But many things might have detained her. The news of this raid may have gone far south. She may be waiting for an escort."

"The news only reached this town yesterday," said the major. "The savages have been secret and agile in their movements. They seem to have moved down under shelter of the woods, and struck the settlers unprepared. The alarm has hardly gone far south yet."

"I was not aware that you had taken this prompt and decided action," said Mr. Marvin. "I saw myself the importance of such an application in your favor, and sent out a messenger yesterday with full representations to General Rusk. The general is favorably disposed toward you, is a personal friend of mine, and I have no fear of the result."

"I have heard of your kind action," replied the major, "and thank you for it. Yet I fear it will be no easy matter to pass these Indians, who are said to swarm in the woods around the town."

"I took good care of that," said Mr. Marvin. "I selected a man who is well versed in Indian ways, an old hunter and scout."

"I have no doubt of the general's decision," said Major Amberly. "This action of Colonel Brownson is unwarrantable under the circumstances, and General Rusk never was in favor of mild, halting measures with the Indians. I hope your messenger may reach him."

"Of that I have no doubt," replied Mr. Marvin.

Further conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching steps without, and a knock at the door, which was then partly opened.

"What is it, Jones?" asked the major.

"A person to see Mr. Marvin," replied the sentry.

"Show him in, Jones. We will see him here," was the rejoiner.

The person who entered the room in obedience to this summons was a tall, raw-boned, weather-beaten man, his clothes rent and spotted with blood, his head bare.

Mr. Marvin sprang up with something like consternation on seeing him. He gazed on the man with wide-open, alarmed eyes.

"I'm just from Cherokee town, you see," said the man. "There's the marks of a bit of rope that was put round my wrist for a persuader."

"Are you one of the rescued prisoners?" asked the major, in great interest.

"That's hitting the nail pretty square on the head," was the answer.

"One of the prisoners!" cried Mr. Marvin. "He is my scout. The man on whom I have been depending for your release. And he lets himself fall into the hands of these Indians!"

"Lets himself, is it?" replied the man. "There was mighty little let about it. I stumbled right into a nest of the hornets. I'd have got safe off though, only for a confounded Indian dog, that scented me out where I was hiding. I tried a bit of a scuffle with the redskins, but they were too many for me. I got my clothes tore some, and a few knife scratches. And, after all, I had to give in."

"It seems we are destined to fail," said the major. "I can only pray for the greater success of my messenger."

"Were all the prisoners released?" asked Mr. Marvin.

"All but three. They came into the camp only an hour or two before the fight, and were kept a little distance from the rest of us. The rangers did not get to them. I saw Captain Allen making a hard trial though. That was just when he got into the scuffle with Lone Star."

"With Lone Star?"

"Yes. I know him like a book. Captain Allen would have settled for him, only his sword broke, and the big Indian's club came down on his head heavy, now I tell you."

"Who were these prisoners?"

"Never saw them before. One of them was a sort of soldier. The United States uniform, it looked like. The others were two girls."

"Two girls!" cried the major, in a tone of agony. "Their names?"

"Didn't hear 'em," said the surprised scout.

"Describe them," said Mr. Marvin.

"One of them was precious pretty. A small, white-faced lady, with long yellow hair, and an eye half dove, half hawk. The other was a black-haired girl, a red-cheeked lass, who looked as if two-thirds of her senses were scared out of her."

"My daughter! my daughter!" cried the major, in a tone of deep pain. "She is in the hands of the savages! the brutal, bloodthirsty Indians! My God, can nothing be done to rescue her? And I a prisoner here, debarred from even lifting a hand in her aid!"

"Be calmer, sir," said Mr. Marvin. "No harm has come to her yet. She will undoubtedly be rescued. If not, I will myself see that she is ransomed."

"She will never survive the hardships of captivity," cried the major. "Who knows to what more dreadful indignities she may be subjected? She may be forced to become the wife of one of these brutal redskins. A thousand times better were she slain! And I to be held here with bound hands! I must, I will be set free to fly to her aid!"

"You can do nothing alone," replied Mr. Marvin. "I will see that every effort is made for her rescue or ransom. Colonel Brownson cannot avoid taking some action now that his best company has been defeated by the Indians, and numbers of them killed."

"He will do nothing," cried the major, indignantly. "He has not the soul of a rabbit. Frank Allen, the best man in the regiment, is dead or captured. I see no hope."

"I will send out all the Indian fighters in the town," replied Mr. Marvin. "I am rich, and will use my wealth freely to rescue your daughter. You will join the expedition?"

He spoke to the scout.

"Won't I?" was the reply. "I ask nothing better than a fair show at the copper-colored rascals."

"If they are pressed too closely they will kill their prisoners," said the major, doubt and suffering in his tone. "I cannot, I will not remain imprisoned here, and my daughter in such deadly peril. Colonel Brownson must release me."

"I fear he will not."

"He must, I say!" was the fierce rejoiner. "I will appeal to him as a father and a soldier. He dare not deny me. You will take my letter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Marvin, though in a tone of doubt.

The impulsive officer sat down and wrote hastily, his lips working, his eyes flashing. The pen seemed a sword in his energetic grasp.

The letter was signed and folded with equal energy.

"Give him that," cried the major. "He dare not refuse its demand. Add what you will yourself. Tell him the whole case. He is cold and cautious. Be you hot and earnest. Tell him that it is my daughter. That she is a prisoner. That I must go to her rescue. Haste, Mr. Marvin. The suspense will be terrible."

"I will do my best," replied the citizen. "I pray you be more calm. You will wear yourself out with this excitement."

He left the room, accompanied by the scout. Major Amberly paced the apartment like a caged tiger, anger, excitement and suffering convulsing his face.

CHAPTER XIV.

COLONEL BROWNSON.

Colonel Brownson was a tall, spare, severe-looking man, with keen, gray eyes, and thin, tightly-closing lips. On his face were marks of a determination amounting to obstinacy. It was evident that he was not the man to freely change his opinion, or to deviate from a decision once given.

He had been placed in command under the presidency of General Houston, and was in full accord with the political views of that person. The late President had been averse to any interference with the Indians, discouraging the efforts of emigrants to penetrate their lands, and strongly opposed to the party who sought to have them removed to the United States.

It was the fashion with this party to view the Indians as peacefully inclined, and to object to any armed interference with their movements, as calculated to rouse them to hostile action.

There was good warrant, too, for this view of the case. The Cherokees and their allied tribes had long been on friendly terms with the whites. But latterly the encroachments of settlers, the attempt of politicians to have them removed from their settlements, and, still more, the insidious representations of secret Mexican agents, had roused them to the dreaded hostility.

It was too late, after they had made an open outbreak, to hope to quiet them by this peaceful policy. Such a course of action would be esteemed by the savages evidence of weakness, and they would be encouraged in their hostile movements.

Yet this was the mistake which Colonel Brownson had made, and which he persisted in with unflinching obstinacy.

The troops of the Texan Republic were poor material with which to carry out such a policy. We have seen how Major Amberly's detachment interpreted the colonel's orders, and how Captain Allen's command conducted their reconnoisance.

The soldiers who had been sent back with the released prisoners were in the commanding officer's presence when Mr. Marvin entered, and that important functionary was in a state of towering rage.

"So," hissed the colonel, his lips white with anger, "my orders are never to be obeyed! I must go myself, with every dozen men I choose to send out, or expect them to act just opposite to their orders. A pretty state of insubordination this! I will have to hand over my department to these fiery subalterns, and see what condition they will bring the country to. Major Amberly stirs up the Indians to war. Captain Allen manages to get my best company cut to pieces. I sent him to reconnoitre, and he leaps, head first, into a fight. How many were lost, say you?"

"Maybe about twenty, killed, wounded and missing," replied the soldier. "But we settled for as many redskins."

"Yes, and got driven back like sheep, and left your captain behind you. He is either killed outright by the Indians, or else he is a prisoner, and the whole regiment will have to be called to his rescue. But not a man of them shall march to support his disobedience while I command them."

"They opened fire on us first," replied the soldier. "We couldn't help fighting."

"You can't help talking, that is evident," said the colonel, angrily. "Go back to your company, and tell the lieutenant what I have said."

The soldier touched his cap, and turned to obey this order.

"Hold, my man," cried the colonel. "Take him this dispatch."

He seated himself at a table, and wrote rapidly for a few minutes.

The soldier accepted the sealed order given him and left the room without a word, though Mr. Marvin read, in the expression of his face, that he left the presence with very little respect for his commanding officer.

Then for the first time the angry colonel noticed his visitor, who stood leaning upon a chair by the open door.

"Mr. Marvin, glad to see you, sir," he said, shortly. "Take a seat. You may think that I was sharp on those fellows, but it is enough to anger a saint."

"What is, colonel?" asked his visitor.

"This persistent disobedience of orders. Here, through the fire-eating spirits of Major Amberly and Captain Allen, have we lost half a company in killed and wounded, and have a full-grown Indian war on our hands."

"Excuse me for saying that it had something of the dimensions of an Indian war before. Raiding into the settlements, burning houses, killing and capturing men and women, are no very peaceful acts."

"It is only now that we have learned of this," replied the colonel. "I sent Captain Allen out to examine the Indian position, and to try and discover their objects. I reserved to myself the privilege of deciding what next to do. He obeys me by plunging, like a hot-headed guerilla, into a desperate fight with the Indians, and coming out of it badly whipped. I can't help feeling that he has only earned his deserts in getting knocked on the head."

"Are you not rather severe, Colonel Brownson?" asked the visitor, gravely.

"Perhaps I am," was the answer. "An angry man seldom weighs his words, and I must confess that they have made me angry."

"I presume you have ordered back the remainder of the company?"

"No; that would hardly answer. Whether it is proper or not, we have crossed the Rubicon of an Indian war, and there is no going back. I am forced to support them."

"And I am heartily glad of it," said Mr. Marvin, emphatically.

"I have often noticed that civilians are the most bloodthirsty of people," replied the colonel. "Soldiers know better what war means, and that there is more honor in avoiding than in conducting it. I will not say, though, that I blame Captain Allen severely. The war was forced on us by a man back of him. He could hardly help himself."

"To whom do you allude?"

"To Major Amberly," said the colonel, with a fierce setting of the lips. "He it was who contemned my most precise and positive orders. He has precipitated this war. He did so with full knowledge of the military laws, and, as I live, he shall suffer the full penalty of his offence."

"He was a man, Colonel Brownson. No man, with the half of a soul in him, could have been in his position and acted differently."

"A soldier has no business with these soul impulses in opposition to orders. He sinned with his eyes open. He caused the slaughter of one man then and of twenty men now. He knew well that he had no right to think or feel in opposition to his instructions. Military discipline has been too much set at defiance in Texas. It is high time some examples were being made. I will teach all persons under my command that there shall be no insubordination in this department."

"I still think you are unjust to the major," said Mr. Marvin, obviously repressing more severe words that came to his lips. "You know not what penalty he has already paid, or you would be more lenient."

"I do not understand you," replied the colonel.

"His daughter was on her way to Nogodoches. She has been taken prisoner by the Indians. She is now in their hands. Her poor father is almost distracted."

"His daughter!" cried the colonel, in a strange tone; "Mary Amberly's daughter!"

"The same," replied Mr. Marvin, surprised at his use of the mother's name and at his obvious emotion.

"I will do what I can to release her," was the cold answer. The colonel was evidently suppressing strong feeling.

"The father begs, implores, to be released, that he may himself fly to her rescue."

"He can do nothing," was the settled reply; "he is under arrest, and must remain so."

"He sends the most impassioned appeal. I have here a letter from him in which he beseeches freedom. You will see the father's heart in its every line."

Colonel Brownson tore open the letter, and glanced over its contents.

"Have you read this letter, Mr. Marvin?" he asked, sternly.

"I have not, but I was present at its writing and saw the state of mind of the writer."

"I am glad you are ignorant of its contents, otherwise I would have to consider you as countenancing the insults it contains."

"You misapprehend them probably," said Mr. Marvin. "It must contain the strong language of a distressed father. There can be nothing there meant as an insult."

"You will excuse my judging for myself in that particular."

"You certainly do not intend to keep the father prisoner for what all men must call a generous impulse, while his daughter is in such imminent peril?"

"I will take proper measures to rescue Miss Amberly. Major Amberly is under arrest."

"This is a tyrannical decision, sir," replied Mr. Marvin, hotly. "I protest against it."

"I am military commander in this district," replied the colonel. "Your protest is not worth one word, much less four. I have the honor to bid you good-day."

"I am a man and a citizen, sir, if not a military autocrat," began Mr. Marvin, in hot tones.

There were bitter words struggling for utterance on his lips, but he repressed them, with a sense, perhaps, that he would but injure the cause of his friend.

He hastily left the room, without a glance back at the stern face of the colonel.

Major Amberly received the result of this interview with a fierce outburst of anger.

"He is a brute, not a man," he cried, hotly. "I know his object. He shall be successful. Then let him make the most of it."

"What is his object?" asked Mr. Marvin.

"Do you not know that my imprisonment is but a form? That armed sentry is but a show of discipline. There is nothing to hinder my lifting a window of this room and leaping into the garden."

"I am aware of that."

"Are you not aware that there is a purpose in it? He wants me to escape. He would like to work up a double charge against me. He can have the opportunity. I leave this prison to-night. He can recapture me when he may, and make of it what he may."

"He shall make nothing of it injurious to you," replied Mr. Marvin. "Your action will be justifiable. I only pray that you may succeed in your effort."

"Thank you for that hope," replied the major. "I shall not rush blindly into danger, but I shall use a father's energy for her release, or share her captivity if I should fall into the hands of the savages. There are men about this region on whose aid I can depend."

Major Amberly was as good as his word. The next morning early the tidings went through the town that he had escaped from arrest, and fled in the night.

The news was received with various comments. His daughter's peril became known, and the citizens, almost unanimously, justified his action.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROFANITY.—There are many evils that lurk around the heart, and many temptations prompting us to respond to their calling, but none more readily coworks with all evil than profanity, and is ever ready to lay waste a moral and upright mind with its deadly sting and poisonous arrow. Profanity, we can truthfully say, is the anchor of many evils arising from an ungoverned disposition.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

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CHAPTER XLII.

VIOLET LOWE.

Mr. Danvers' face relaxed, as was usual with him, when he got out at his own door. There was a napkin pinned over the bell-handle, and he stepped gently under the arch, and up the winding stairway, erect and handsome still, though his white hair lies now like a mist of snow upon his head.

A young lady, as splendidly attired as Miriam had ever been, swept past him on the landing with a graceful bow.

"Violet, Mrs. Danvers is not worse?"

"Oh, I think not, sir," the scarlet lips declared, though the haughty face was almost listless in its apathy. "She is nervous, as she calls it—though I can't conceive what that is—and declares that the ringing of the bell disturbs her; but I left her talking cheerfully."

She seemed to think she had said quite enough, for she moved on, and Mr. Danvers passed into his wife's chamber. He was there when summoned to dinner, and, as he came out, there was an anxious look upon his face, though the doctor affirmed that his patient was doing remarkably well.

The meal was served in grand and stately silence, Violet occupying Miriam's old place, and mincing rather wearily with her silver fork. Mr. Danvers was seated, with a dignified, business air, at the foot, and the white-gloved waiters bowing between them. Cecil Dupre keeps rooms in town now, and rarely favors the house in which his mother died with a voluntary visit.

Miss Violet pushed her plate a little aside at last, and spoke, without looking up:

"I saw Mr. Leslie's carriage pass immediately after yours, so I presume he is out again. I hear that his daughter is soon to be married to that painfully handsome but incorrigibly boring young connection of ours, Mr. Cecil Dupre. Is it true that her mother makes the match because he is the great-grandson, or something of that sort, of a disreputable English baronet, and the possible heir to your fortune? I had thought the young lady liked this business man of her father's, of whom I have heard so much, though I have never seen him."

"This 'business man of her father,' as you called him, has been but little with the family, I think," replied Mr. Danvers, rather coldly, "and is going to India to live in forty-eight hours. Mr. Dupre is the young lady's choice. They were engaged before her parents had any suspicion of such a thing. The marriage is deferred indefinitely, I believe."

"It is not too late to hope that she may change her mind after all, then. I do not like him."

She had risen from her seat, and now went out again to seek her own room.

Mr. Danvers turned in another direction, and went into his library, for his wife had requested to be alone, as she felt disposed to sleep, wondering in his heart of hearts if there was any one on this side the Atlantic that Miss Violet Lowe does like.

For the reader's benefit we may say that there were very few on either side in whose welfare she deigned to be interested. Her mother had died in her infancy, and her father, an English clergyman, the younger son of a baronet, had survived her but a short time. She had inherited poverty, of course, and pride, which is its too frequent concomitant. She had a brother in Australia whom she had not seen for years, and a sister in Scotland, married to another poor clergyman. Mr. Danvers, related through his wife, had sent the two sisters, whom he had not seen since their infancy, to a convent school in France. The elder, Margaret, had visited a relation in Edinburgh, and married there. Violet, the younger, who had not been considered especially amiable at school, and had abused her rich relations very much, was expecting to go out as a governess somewhere, when she received instructions from Philip Danvers to come to America.

She had read romances of Count D'Orsay and the English nobility, and had dreamed of a presentation at court. She had come over with a distinguished tourist, but, on reaching New York, she had been met by an old man, without stars or crosses, or any other insignia of rank—though she could but confess to the stately elegance of his form and manner—and, finding these two solemn and aged people the sole occupants of the great house, whose splendor was indeed regal, she had been at once chilled, and spoiled, and disappointed.

Were they the sole occupants? Yes. But, in the evenings, she had always found a young and marvellously handsome man in Mr. Danvers' library, reading aloud to him, playing chess with him, or writing his letters, and she had taken to coming here in sheer weariness with herself and the rest of the world, until she found herself wondering in her haughty way who he might be.

Just before her arrival Mr. Danvers had dismissed his old servants, all of them Irish, giving each a pension, on condition that they would return to their native country. Mrs. Manning, a sad and much faded, but still a pretty woman, had entered a small but handsome house belonging to Mr. Danvers a few squares off, and her son, St. Julian, had assumed the duties of secretary and librarian to the owner, that his justly earned salary might enable him to support her in comfort. Mrs. Manning had been the friend of an unfortunate niece of Mr. Danvers, and that was all she could learn.

"I should have taken the young man to be a gentleman," she said, coldly, after a few brief questions. "He has the air of one."

"He is a gentleman," Mr. Danvers had replied, in an offended tone—"every inch a gentleman, and I desire you to treat him as such, Violet."

"Of course I shall," she answered, haughtily. "No lady would ever treat a dependent otherwise," and she had left the room.

Mr. Danvers' manner had been perhaps a little cold and overbearing, though he knew it not, and this "I desire you" had sounded to her in the light of a command, which her proud spirit was not slow to resent. He had withheld his confidence from her, and hence she did not consider him entitled to her own in return. And, determined that he should not find her servile in submission to his will, she queened it over the young secretary with unyielding tyranny, often almost beyond the endurance of the proud master of all.

St. Julian obeyed her gently and unquestioningly. And, as it would have been unreasonable to expect Mr. Danvers to follow at her beck and call, he was often her escort in drives or to places of public amusement, yet never with the look of a dependent. He was tender and deferential to her as to a young and pretty woman, but nothing more. He walked at her side in easy confidence, in every respect else feeling himself to be her equal, well-dressed, indisputably handsome, and conversing fluently upon any subject she might introduce. Secretly and in truth she was proud of his appearance, for few young men could surpass him in refinement of manner or physical beauty.

Matters were standing thus when she came down stairs again, about an hour after tea, and going through the darkened entrance-hall, almost ran against St. Julian Manning, who was entering at the moment.

Had she looked up, she would have seen that his face did not wear its usually serene expression. But from her manner one might have inferred that she had determined not to favor him with a glance of her pretty eyes any oftener than she could possibly avoid.

Graceful, as active in movement, St. Julian drew back with a hasty apology.

"One moment, Miss Lowe," he added, in those soft rich tones of his, so like those of a gentleman of noble birth might be that she secretly resented this too. "I see a napkin on the door; I earnestly hope that Mrs. Danvers is not seriously indisposed."

"Heigh, ho! I am really weary with answering that question. I think my good aunt must have been 'seriously disposed' all her life, but she is not ill. She only objects to being disturbed by our *numerous visitors*."

This last a little satirically, for the Danvers' family had always been strictly exclusive, and consequently rather unpopular. And hence, Miss Lowe was disposed to look upon herself as a pretty bird in a cage, whose splendid gilding makes her none the less a prisoner.

"Shall I find Mr. Danvers in the library?" St. Julian asked again.

"I don't know; I left him in the dining-room. But you are at liberty to wait for him, I presume."

He did not reply farther, but passing her with a bow, went in and found Mr. Danvers seated at an open desk.

"Have you any commands for me this evening, sir?" he asked, with growing timidity in his voice, as he stood near his employer's chair.

"None, that may not be deferred, I think, St. Julian," Mr. Danvers answered, without looking round; "and, indeed, I prefer being left alone this evening. You can return to the house, for I am quite sure Vance and Ward will be glad of your ready help."

"Mr. Danvers, will you not speak to me, now that we are alone, sir, about this missing money?"

"Indeed I will not. You must be patient, St. Julian."

"Patient, sir!" he exclaimed, with concentrated bitterness. "Patient! when every fibre of my being is racked with cruel torture!"

"Patient, even then," replied Mr. Danvers, slowly. "Boy, from my youth up, I have been disappointed in almost every one whom I have trusted, until my confidence may be easily shaken. Nay, do not speak to me, St. Julian; but listen. If you are innocent, as you love your mother, be quiet for a time, and I swear to you that you shall be fully and proudly vindicated. Until then, I cannot trust myself to discuss the matter with you. I am forbidden to do so. But as you value my good opinion, and would spare me suffering, dismiss this uneasiness, so visible to every one, from your manner. Remember it is the way to establish your innocence. And now, if you would show me that you are willing to oblige me, as I am still pleased to believe you are, leave me as I have commanded, and return to those who may have need of your services."

"Then you shall see that I can be above every selfish consideration, and will crush down this great, unutterable agony, terrible as it is to bear," he cried, in a voice that was half a sob; and turning slowly toward the door, went out again. He had reached the front entrance, when a sudden and painful thought seemed to strike him, and he turned back once more, with a deprecatory air and tone.

"Mr. Danvers," he faltered, going up now rather nearer to him than he had yet ventured, "Miss Lowe requested me, yesterday, to accompany her to the opera to-night. Will you explain to her, that for the present, at least, I am no fit escort for her."

"*For the present* you *are* a fit escort for her," replied Mr. Danvers, looking up into his handsome young face for the first time. "And, St. Julian, I will trust that you may continue to be. Will you ring that bell?"

The secretary did as requested, and a servant looked in.

"Request Miss Lowe to have the goodness to come to me."

The young lady made her appearance, with by no means inelegant haste, and with as much polite surprise as she would admit into her countenance.

"Mr. Manning is waiting, Violet, to know if you still desire him to accompany you to the Academy of Music to-night."

"You can inform Mr. Manning that I am not so changeable, uncle, but that I know my own mind for twenty-four consecutive hours. Or might I induce you to relieve Mr. Manning, and accompany me to-night yourself, as you have been indefinitely promising to do?"

"Your aunt's indisposition should hold me excused," he answered, with a frown. "So, Manning, you will call for her, if you please."

The young man withdrew once more. While Violet, looking at him now, wondered disdainfully if Mr. Danvers had not been lecturing him for some misprision of duty; or if it were not just possible he had taken a little too much wine for dinner. She had forgotten it, however, when he appeared in the parlor at night, calm, self-possessed, and handsomer than she had ever seen him, for his face, with its masculine strength of features, is as fair as her own.

Lorgnettes were turned upon them by the dozen, as they went in together, St. Julian carrying one of her ermine wrappings upon his arm, and took their seats in the full blaze of the dazzling light. Perhaps St. Julian imagined that she had come exclusively for the sake of the performance, or general audience, for he talked to her but little. And Violet, piqued, rode home in haughty, chilling silence.

As he went up the steps with her, she could not resist a parting thrust—it would have been more than womanly to do so.

"You were really Byronic in the melancholy poses you assumed to-night, Mr. Manning. One might reasonably suppose you had been composing a grander tragedy than that we have been witnessing. You may read it to me some day."

"Ah, Miss Lowe, you have read it already!" he exclaimed, with a vehemence that startled her quite out of her possession in spite of herself.

"Then it was beneath or above my comprehension; which was it?" she asked. "You will be forced to explain."

"Small need of that," replied St. Julien, bitterly. "You know that I have been mad enough to love you; in my frenzy I had even dreamed of telling you some day, until I was awakened to-night. I have recognized my position before it is too late, and shall not depart from it for the future."

There was no shrinking in her manner, as there had been none in his. She looked up into his handsome face, with a vivid, burning flush upon her own.

"I thought you had been drinking once to-day," she said, "and now I am persuaded of it, or else I have gone mad." She had spoken in an angry tone, and turning the knob of the door, went quickly in and closed it upon him; while St. Julian, bewildered at his own intemperate rashness, accepted the rebuke in silence, and turned back.

He swung round sharply as he went out of the gate, for a man's hand was upon his arm, detaining him with a strong, nervous grasp.

"Tell me, you! Is Philip Danvers still alive?" The man's voice was husky, as though he were unaccustomed to the sound of his own voice.

"Alive! Good heavens, yes!"

"Who is ill, then? I have seen a doctor's carriage here to-night." The voice still questioned, with eager interest.

"Mrs. Danvers. But I did not know she was sick enough to need a physician at this hour of the night," replied St. Julian, looking back at the house.

"Which Mrs. Danvers, the old or the young?"

"Which? There is but one of the name, and that is Mrs. Philip Danvers," returned St. Julian, in increasing surprise. And looking at his strange interlocutor by the uncertain light of the street lamps, he decerns that he is past the prime of life, with a dark, frowning face, the lower half of which is covered with a straggling beard of iron gray, and that he seemed to be dressed in a coarse felon's garb. As he made this last observation, St. Julian placed his hand upon his pistol, but the man took no notice of the action, as he once more eagerly demanded:

"Where is Miriam, the traitorous wife of Eugene Danvers?"

"Why, man, where have you been?" asked St. Julian. "You must have been taking a Rip Van Winkle sleep. She died years ago—fourteen of them, at least; for I was a small boy."

"Dead?" cried the stranger, lifting his hands in horror. "Dead! while the secret of the villain who is so soon to be free, to track me again with his relentless hate, has been buried with her! Dead! when I would wrench it from her very grave, to inflict some of the tortures upon him that have fettered, crushed, maddened me through all these years, until I am scarcely human to-day! Oh, Miriam! Miriam! beautiful sorceress, did your dearly-purchased grandeur open to you only a costly sepulchre, and to me a prison. I had believed the omnipotence of your hatred would keep you alive when the rest of us were dead!"

"Strange man, who are you?" asked St Julian, at once interested, chilled and terrified into momentary forgetfulness of his own sufferings. "Where do you come from at this hour of the night, and in such dress?"

"I come from a twenty years' labor in prison, branded with a crime of which I was never guilty, so help me heaven. So long, that my clothes were lost, and they had to let me out to-night in these. I am free, you know, but I must change them to-morrow, or the children will hoot at me. I promised the warden that I would. My pantaloons are my own, you see; only this coat. And I have such a cough. I have never begged before, but will you give me a dollar or so?"

St. Julian took out his purse, and placed a note or so in his hand. Fate had decreed that he should be the first to bestow a charity upon the released convict. The stranger was turning away with muttered thanks, when he chanced to look up into the young man's face, and started back with a cry of surprise.

"My God! you are strangely like him in face, though, thank heaven, not in heart. Will you tell me your name?"

"St. Julian Manning."

"St. Julian Manning! I have heard that name, too, I am sure; but I must think. What were you doing there?"

"I am Mr. Danvers' secretary."

"And who was the young lady you carried in?"

"Mr. Danvers' niece."

"His niece!" cried the stranger, with another vehement start. "You do not know what you are saying. His only niece died long ago, to my cost."

"This was Miss Violet Lowe. She is really but a great-niece of his wife."

"Ah! But I am detaining you. Good night."

The man tottered past him, and the next moment was lost in the darkness. And St. Julian, with the weight of his own sorrows burdening his soul, turned away to seek the quiet of his home.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"CRAPE ON THE DOOR."

It was later than usual the next morning when St. Julian Manning arose. His mother had summoned him for the second time to breakfast, but he had not seemed to hear her; and lifting his head now, he imagined, for the first few moments, that he would not be able to get up at all—it was aching with such a dull, heavy pain. He made another effort, however, and putting on his clothes, went out to breakfast, declaring that the tea and toast would revive him, and laughing, rather constrainedly, at his mother's proposition that he should write an excuse to Mr. Danvers. He seemed ill at ease, and very soon took up his hat, kissed her, and went out.

Going to the usual place of business in town, he fancies, in a bewildered way, that he is still in a dream, and that it must be very early yet, as the doors are not opened. He remembered that he had a key with him, however, and had taken it from his pocket, when his hand came in contact with a flowing bunch of crape. He staggered back, until better judges than Violet Lowe would have imagined he had been drinking again; and, in his irresolution, was about to inquire of a passing stranger what this meant, when he bethought him of a private entrance to the rear, and passed around to it.

Mr. Cecil Dupre was standing upon the steps.

"What—what has happened, Mr. Dupre?" asked St. Julian.

"Umph! I had supposed you would be posted. My venerable and much esteemed step-grandmother has departed this life."

"Dead!"

"So the messenger stated. And the house has not been opened."

Cecil Dupre was seldom disposed to talk a great deal, especially to gentlemen, so St. Julian passed him and went in. He found Walter Ward, Temple and a dozen others clerks busily preparing the outward freight of the East Indiaman; each with decorous, pall-bearing faces as became them.

"Mrs. Danvers' death must have been quite sudden?" he said to Walter.

"Yes. Dr. Westman was finally summoned at ten o'clock last night; and she died at four this morning. I should have supposed you informed."

"I met one of Mr. Danvers' servants going in to my mother as I came out. He was conveying the intelligence, I make no doubt, to her. Do you think the East Indiaman will sail to-morrow?"

"Under Mr. Leslie's instructions, yes."

They fell to work again in good earnest, confining their remarks to a few subdued questions and answers, and after some hours, Mr. Danvers drove down. His carriage did not come to the door as usual, but he got discreetly out a block removed, and limped the remainder of the way on foot. He remained some time, talked in quite a fatherly way to Walter, who was to go on board the East Indiaman that evening, shook him warmly by the hand, with a tear glistening in his eye, at parting, and returned home.

The captain of the sailing vessel had brought in a box of coin and notes only this morning, but as they must not be seen transacting their regular business with the bank, Mr. Vance concluded to lock it in the great safe in the audience-room of "Danvers & Leslie."

"I have the keys of that, also," said Walter, with a smile. "But I have only my books to take from it now, and St. Julian or Mr. Dupre will have charge of them when I am gone."

Cecil, who had returned, and now sat writing just beyond him, looked round rather suddenly.

"Be kind enough to leave me out of all arrangements where any responsibility is concerned," he said. "Mr. Manning must take the keys to-night, and until the funeral is over, and the regular work going on again. You may lend them to me now, however, and I will go in and write those letters, as Mr. Leslie directed."

Walter passed them over to him, and Cecil lounged through the door and closed it between them. In about an hour perhaps, he returned with the letters in his hand, and resuming his seat near St. Julian Manning went on with the regular work.

"Our busy season is bringing you severely into work, Mr. Dupre," said Mr. Vance, with a smile. "Your guardians must be finally satisfied with your business accomplishments. Mr. Manning, have you finished?"

"My head aches so fearfully," returned St. Julian, pressing his hand to his temples, "that even the sound of Mr. Dupre's pen disturbs me; but I shall get through after a little, I am sure."

"We would readily excuse you altogether if it were possible," returned Mr. Vance, coldly; "but I have to go out, even now, with Mr. Ward. Suppose you take your bill in to Mr. Danvers' desk. You understand the forms, and you will then be undisturbed. Mr. Dupre, I presume, will remain where he is."

St. Julian thanked him for his suggestion, and gathering up his papers went into the next room.

After a little Cecil looked in.

"The men are all through and gone," he said, "except Mr. Vance and Ward, who are still out. I don't suppose any one will come in, but will you please leave the door open until my return? I shall just slip across to Prescott's for a moment. If you are not through when I get back I can help you."

"Thank you," said Julian, quite surprised at this unlooked-for kindness; "I am on my last page. Leave the door open, by all means."

"Thanks. I saw you at the Academy of Music last night with Miss Lowe. A decided beauty, but a deuced cold, strange one.

His "moment" had lengthened into half an hour, when Mr. Vance and Walter came in.

"What, Manning! working still, and alone!" said the former. "Where is Mr. Dupre?"

"He went out, saying he should only cross to Prescott's and back, but I suppose he changed his mind. Ah! there he is now."

"I was detained quite a time," said that young man, entering hastily; "at least a hour, I am sure, but I can help you now."

"Oh! no," replied St. Julian, rising with some difficulty, "only half that time, and I am done at last. Mr. Vance, if there is nothing more to do, and you will excuse me, I think I must go home. I am really ill. Ward, I had promised to share your last supper, but indeed I cannot."

In truth, he seemed about to fall, when Walter took him firmly by the arm and led him into the open air. Here the latter hailed a passing cab, and putting St. Julian into it reluctantly bade him a final adieu.

There was a general breaking up now. Mr. Dupre, prevailing upon Mr. Vance to lock the keys in his own safe, as Manning had left without them, shakes hands quite magnanimously with Walter, and leaves for his hotel.

The shadows of evening were gathered heavily about these sombre buildings when Walter emerged from them in company with Mr. Vance. They, too, shake hands, though not so cordially.

"I shall see you in the morning before you raise anchor," said the latter, getting into the street car, while Walter went into a restaurant near by, and partook but sparingly of his solitary repast. Then he went to his old room once more to ship his luggage, and that done he locked himself in for a while alone.

When he came out the mist of tears was still on his eyes, but his voice was as cheery as usual as he threw a gratuity to "boots" and bade him farewell.

A solitary drive to the wharf, Walter! But he would have had it so. And his grand eyes, deep as the sea, looked out on a strange, motley crowd as he alighted. Men, women and children were there, to take a last look at the huge ship that was to plough four thousand miles of old ocean's crest, with no signs of human life but such as she bore within her, that had tracked the stormy regions of the equator, guided by the single, mysterious magnet, as resolutely as these lookers-on would stride the paved walks of the city on their return. Making his way among them carefully, for he was ever considerate of the rights of others, down by the landing, he yet came in collision with some one, for a man had run against him.

"Why is the flag at half-mast?" asked the stranger, quickly and without apology, though Walter was making that. "I have been trying to find out, but none one will tell me."

"The vessel is private property," replied Walter, "and the wife of Mr. Danvers, one of the owners, is dead."

There was nothing startling or peculiar in this simple statement, but the stranger at the first sound of Walter's voice stared into his face as though he might go mad.

"What!" he cried; "am I always to be haunted by *their* voices or features, as though I had indeed been guilty! I should know those tones among a thousand. Yet, last night I did not remember it so well, and I thought you were fairer and more delicate—more like *him*. What did you tell me your name was? I have forgotten."

"I never told you at all," replied Walter, pityingly, for he had concluded that the stranger was not in his right mind. "I have never seen you before."

"Then tell me now."

"They call me Walter Ward."

"*Ward!* Walter Ward! I was mistaken then, as I feared. You are going on board? Will you return to-night?"

"I am going to India—to live abroad," answered Walter, while he observed that the man's attire was faded and shabby in the extreme. "Are you in distress? Can I do anything for you?"

"It isn't that, though I am poor enough, God knows," he half whispered, "for I have only the remnant of the five dollars I thought you gave me last night. But, standing here, it struck me a while ago that, if it was not going to soon, I might engage to work my way across, and so escape my old enemies altogether. I went to sea once when I was not older than you are. Then I saw the name of Danvers on the topsail, and I dared not trust myself on board, for wreck and ruin would follow me there."

"Poor man," said Walter, taking out his pocket-book, "I trust that you, to whom heaven has accorded so few friends, as it would seem, are really not pursued by such relentless foes as your fancy has conjured up. Mr. Danvers is a *just* man, if not an amiable one. Take this money, and *as it may do you good service* pray for the giver, who will be at the mercy of the great and wide seas."

The man received the gift with thanks, and murmured brokingly some wishes for a prosperous voyage.

Oh, strange, strange world! that these two should encounter each other thus, over a bridge of twenty years, upon the boundaries of sea and land, and drift apart again, unknowing and unknown.

"A pretty bouquet, mister, that the beautiful lady says you will please take out to sea, and keep in memory of her."

Walter looked down again, but scarcely heard the words. A flower-girl had plucked him by the sleeve, and now held up to him a costly vase of buds, with nodding forget-me-nots here and there, that seemed to whisper "good-bye."

They would speak to him of the old beloved spot, he thought, when nothing but a waste of waters lay around him, and he took them, dropping a coin into her hand as he put one foot upon the plank leading to the little boat that was to take him out to the main vessel, lying peacefully now upon the blue bosom of its sometimes tempestuous mistress.

"She had paid for them," exclaimed the child, pointing indefinitely back to the drays and carriages upon the hill. He wondered for a moment what she had said, but there was no time for explanations, for he was already seated in the boat. He leaned forward at its first motion, raised his hand in benison upon the clayey soil, and then drifted quite away.

Oh, Walter! Walter! if you had only known whose tears watered those tender blossoms that received your own, not alone to the lips—oh, not alone to the lips!—but to your heart they would have been pressed, closer, and yet closer, to quicken its desolate death-throes through all that coming time!

But *she* has seen you, Walter. True and generous to the last! And as the old man in the faded suit went by, wondering more and more, as a fair, tiny, jeweled hand, held out from a flashing equipage, dropped a silken purse into the worn hat that he had removed for a moment to wipe the damp from his furrowed brow. He ran after her, panting and breathless, for he shuddered at sight of the policeman standing by. But the fiery horses had turned the corner at a bound, and he walked on in another direction, puzzled to imagine how the world could be so different from what it had been twenty years ago.

"Good luck to the East Indiaman!" cried the crowd as it dispersed; and Cecil Dupre, proud and patrician in bearing, threw up his hat with the rest from his distant post of observation. But he breathed a prayer that the good ship, with all her precious cargo, might be a thousand fathoms deep in the ocean's bed rather than he should look upon the face of Walter Ward again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LATE LOVE.—Perhaps love is never so potent as when it seizes upon those who have passed their first youth, or even those who have passed the prime of life. The choice then made is likely to be thoroughly suited to the nature of the man; and any intelligent gifts on the part of the woman are likely to be more attractive to a man of this age than to a younger person. Besides, there is a feeling that as life is not likely to be very long, this late love is the last thing to be clung to; and that after it, should it be lost, all will be desolation.

FACETIÆ

SHIP'S BREAD—Rolls.

A WATCH-WORD—Tick.

LONG DIVISION—Divorce.

A NOD FELLOW—Morpheus.

LIGHT-HEADED—A street lamp.

FEE SIMPLE—A fee to a quack.

LEVELING DOWN—Going to bed.

VERY HARD LINES—The railways.

A YAWL BOAT—One filled with crying babies.

AN ACT OF GREAT POLITENESS—Polishing a stove.

LAGER-RHYTHMS—The songs of German students.

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE—Treat her to a new dress.

A DUBUQUE, Iowa, man offers to pray for three dollars a day.

CONSISTENT TO THE LAST—Tom Collins has died in a cell.

WHEN one learns that 280,000 pounds of false hair were actually sold in Paris in one year, what a sad and sawdusty sort of Sahara this world does seem.

"STEPHAN STERN mit frau and 11 kd," is one item in the steerage list of a late Hamburg steamer. The mind recoils from the infinite jokes suggested by those little Sterns.

A WESTERN paper chronicles a marriage in this suggestive style: "The couple resolved themselves into a committee of two, with power to add to their number."

AN ALTAR-ATION.

When Mike was courting Kitty Mill,
He begged—as lovers often will—
In accents softly spoken,
That she one lock of golden hair
From her fair head to him would spare,
By way of a love token.

Now Mike and Kit are man and wife—
Their courting's turned to married strife,
And a sad difference makes it;
Though still attracted by her hair,
He ne'er now begs a lock she'll spare,
But out in handfuls takes it!

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.—A gentleman whose modesty was too great for his happiness was one day going through a wood with a lady, to whom he longed, but feared, to offer his hand and his heart. He had schemed and manœuvred enough for ten diplomatists to draw her away alone from the picnic where they had met, and now he durst not speak out for the life of him. But the silence had become embarrassing, and at last he ventured upon a hint:

"Hark!" he cried, suddenly stopping, "Do you not hear that beautiful bird singing?"

"Yes," replied the lady.

"Do you catch what it says?"

"No; I cannot say I do."

"Why it says, 'I love you! I love you! I love you!' as plainly as possible."

"Dear me, how odd!" replied she; and they walked on again in silence for a short distance. Presently the lady, in her turn, stopped and said:

"How funny! Do you hear what that other bird says?"

"No; what?" asked the man.

"Why, it seems to me to say, 'Show it! show it! show it!'"

That was sufficient.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

CHARADES.

1.

When first the world was made complete,
I was pronounced my first;
Though sin and sorrow entered in,
And it became accursed.
Sweet is my next in southern climes
Beneath the paly moon;
When stars are shining gloriously,
And nightingale, in tune.
Strange is my whole, although it be
A benediction kind;
It often leaves a dreary sense
Of loneliness behind. G. W. BELL.

2.

My first, glad and joyous,
A home doth adorn;
My next by some persons
Is on the head worn.
The two, when united,
At once bring to view
A time often thought of
By me and by you.
J. S. PARTINGTON.

SIMPLE CHARADES.

1. My first is a vehicle. My second a loving name. My whole is necessary to a house.

2. My first is an animal. My second a method of crossing a river. My whole is an English city.

3. My first is one of the elements. My second is a young girl, and my whole is used for raising weights.

LITTLE ONE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in move, but not in place;
My second is in ribbon, but not in lace;
My third is in cent, but not in dime;
My fourth is in poetry, but not in rhyme;
My fifth is in solve, but not in explain;
My sixth is in street, but not in lane;
My seventh is in try, but not in test;
My whole is a word that means conquest.
IOTA.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 25.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 19, Vol. 54.

ENIGMA.—"Auld Lang Syne."

HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Robin. 2. Owl. 3. Grouse. 4. Parrot. 5. Jay.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

P	ap A
E	nvelo P
A	s P
C	oci L
H	er E

SHAKSPEARIAN CHARADE. — Troilus and Cressida—thus Adrian, Rosaline, Escalus, Dorcas and Tranio.

HIDDEN FLORAL ANAGRAMS.—Lavender, clematis, May-rose, forget-me-not, palm, China aster, apple geranium, everlasting flower. March violet, great yellow daffodil, daily rose, everlasting thorn.

CHARADES. — 1. Ap-(Pa)-pa-rat-us. (Apparatus.) 2. XI, IX, Six, Shin, His, Pin (Sphinx.)

STORY OF A MUFF.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

She's jealous! Am I sorry? No!
I like to see my Mabel so.
Carina mia!
Poor Puss! That now and then she draws
Conclusions, not without a cause,
Is my idea.

We love: and I'm prepared to prove
That jealousy is kin to love
In constant woman.
My jealous Pussy cut up rough
The day before I bought her muff
With sable trimming.

These tearful darlings think to quell us
By being so divinely jealous;
But I know her better.
Hillo! Who's that? A damsel! come,
I'll follow: no, I can't, for some
One else has met her.

What fun! He looks a lad of grace!
She holds her muff to hide her face:
They kiss—the sly puss!
Hillo! Her muff—it's trimmed with sable!
It's like the muff I gave to Mabel!
Good lord, she's my Puss!

FUN FOR CHRISTMAS.

We all know that Christmas, from our earliest recollections, has been the season for rejoicing and festivities. But to enjoy Christmas fully, something is required beyond mere eating and drinking. We require food for the mind, the heart, and the buoyant spirit.

At Christmas parties, which are generally reunions of relations and intimate friends, etiquette is less rigid than at other times, and it would be absurd to uphold those rigid laws of fashion which govern other entertainments. Everybody, too, should join in the most simple pastimes. Old age and youth should unite in the general mirth. A Christmas should be an era in everybody's history, and it should be our especial pleasure to contribute by every word and action to the happiness of those around us.

Among the many different games which are played at Christmas time, there is none better or more of a favorite than that of Forfeits. The many resources to bring home a forfeit are illimitable, and when it is considered what merriment, what rounds of laughter some of these provoke, we sometimes wonder that this game is not played more than it is in this country. In England it is universal, but here, when the cry comes from the youngsters at a Christmas party, "Oh, let us have a good game!" there is generally a simultaneous cry of "What shall we play?" and it too often happens that hardly any one present knows the proper way of playing any of the many really enjoyable games by which the greatest number of forfeits can be realized, and when it comes to "crying of the forfeits," a still greater ignorance is shown.

We have thought that descriptions of some of the most popular games might be of interest to many of our readers, and be the means of enabling them to pass many a pleasant hour.

The game of Forfeits, as practiced in the old country, is played as follows:

Some game, such as Cross Purposes, The Elements, The Alphabet, etc. (described hereafter), is selected, and, in the event of any person making a mistake, he has to forfeit to some person chosen for the purpose, any trifling article, such as a fan, pencil-case, knife, ring, etc. When the game is concluded, one of the party has to kneel down, with her head in the lap of the person holding the forfeits. This latter person holds up the forfeited articles one by one in sight of the whole company, and says, "Here's a very pretty thing. What's to be done to the owner of it?" The person kneeling down has to impose a penalty which involves some ludicrous situation, and is calculated to produce laughter and good-humor among the company present. This accomplished, the forfeited article is returned to the owner, and the next article proceeded with in a like manner. Of course, all vulgarity in awarding these penalties should be strictly avoided. It is evident that the person who has to impose the forfeits should possess a fund of humor and ready invention, and, to secure uninterrupted sport, some person should be selected who is gifted with these attributes.

We will commence with some of the games which may be played, and afterwards we will give some good forfeits to be used in connection therewith when awarding the penalties.

THE PUZZLE WORD.—One goes out of the room and the others agree upon a word, which is to be found out by asking questions, such as, "Does the thing you have named fly?" "Does it walk?" "Does it sing?" "Does it speak?" "Does it grow?" etc. If the questioner cannot find out from the answers given, a forfeit must be paid.

CUPID'S BOX.—This game, invented to compel forfeits, is played as follows:

The one who commences offers a box to his right-hand neighbor, and says, "I sell you my Cupid's Box, which contains three phrases—To Love, to Kiss, and to Dismiss." The neighbor answers, "Whom do you love? whom do you kiss? whom do you dismiss?"

At each of these questions, which are put separately, the person who has given the box names some individual present whom he loves, kisses, or dismisses. The person whom he kisses must in reality kiss him, and the one that he dismisses pays a forfeit.

CATCH THE RING.—A good game to follow the preceding one, is catch the ring, as the company will have the opportunity of sitting down. The chairs are placed in a circle, just so far apart that each person sitting can easily reach the hand of another person on either side of him. One person stands in the middle of the circle. A piece of string with a wedding, or a larger ring of brass, upon it, is then tied, of a sufficient length to reach all round the circle, so that each person may catch hold of it. The players are then to slide the ring along the string, passing it from one to the other, and the game is, for the person who stands in the centre to try to catch the ring. When he catches it, the person with whom he finds it is to go in the centre, and likewise pay a forfeit.

MR. RED-CAP.—The players in this game each take the name of some colored cap, as Mr. Red-cap, Mr. Blue-cap, Mr. Yellow-cap, Mr. Green-cap, etc. A handkerchief, or ball, is thrown as the signal to speak. If it is thrown at Red-cap, the player must call out, "Mr. Red-cap!" Before she can count five Red-cap must answer, "What, I, sir?" The one who called must answer as quick as thought, "Yes, you, sir!" to which Red-cap replies, "Not I, sir!" The other says, "Who then, sir?" Red-cap answers, "Mr. Blue-cap," at the same time throwing the handkerchief or ball at the one so named. Red-cap and Blue-cap must then repeat the same questions and answers, and Blue-cap throws at Green-cap, or any one else who happens to be least on their guard. Any mistake in the proper answers, or failing to speak quick enough before five is counted, pays forfeit.

ALPHABETICAL OPINIONS.—This is a good round game, and all present can join in it. The leader starts off with "Mr. or Miss Sweetman is——" The party on the left of the leader takes up the pause, and says, "Amiable, Amusing, awkward." The next on the left, "Benevolent, Beautiful, Bashful." The next, "Charming, Caustic, Clever." The next, "Daring, Dashing, Dutiful;" and so on all round until the whole alphabet is got through. Three qualifications must be given each time, each beginning with the special letter of the alphabet in rotation; failing this, a forfeit is imposed, or, if the conjunction *and* is incautiously used.

THE ELEMENTS.—In this game the party sit in a circle. One throws a handkerchief at another, and calls out *Air!* The person whom the handkerchief hits must call out the name of some bird, or some creatures that belong to the air, before the caller can count ten; which he does in a loud voice. If a creature that does not live in the air is named, or if a person fails to speak quick enough, a forfeit must be paid.

The person who catches the handkerchief throws it to another in turn, and cries out *Earth!* The person who is hit must call out some animal, or any creature which lives upon the earth, in the same space of time allowed the other.

Then throw the handkerchief to another, and call out *Water!* The one who catches the handkerchief observes the same rules as the preceding, and is liable to the same forfeit, unless he calls out immediately some creature that lives in the water. Any one who mentions a bird, beast, or fish twice, is likewise liable to a forfeit.

If any player call *Fire!* every one must keep silence, because no creature lives in that element.

THE ALPHABET; OR, I LOVE MY LOVE WITH AN A.—Formerly this game was confined to the players saying in rotation, "I love my love with an A, because he is Affectionate, Attractive, Aspiring, Ambitious," and so on, through as many letters of the alphabet as might be approved of, each player having to invest his love with a quality beginning with the letter in question. Forfeits were exacted, firstly, for the repetition of any quality mentioned by a previous player; secondly, for faults of spelling.

The game, as it is at present played, will be understood from the following specimens:

"I love my love with an A, because he is Affectionate, because his name is Alfred, because he lives at Alfriston. I will give him an Album, I will feed him on Apple-pie, and make him a bouquet of Anemones."

"I love my love with a B, because she is Beautiful, because her name is Beatrice, because she lives in Baltimore. I will give her a Brooch, I will feed her on Blackberries, and make her a bouquet of Bluebells."

This form need not be strictly adhered to. The leader of the game may vary it as he thinks fit; but whatever form he may choose to adopt, the others must imitate closely (allowing for the variation of the sexes). Failure in this must be punished by a forfeit; the old regulation, as to repetition and mistakes in spelling, still holds good.

PROVERBS.—One of the company having left the room, the rest select some proverb in his absence. On his re-admittance, he must ask random questions of all the party in turn, who, in their replies, must bring in the words of the proverb in succession. The first person who is addressed will introduce the first word of the proverb in the answer; the second person, the second word; and so on until the proverb is exhausted. For instance, "Honesty is the best policy," is the one selected, and suppose the first question to be

"Have you been out to-day?" the party questioned might say,

"Yes, I have, and nearly lost my purse; but it was picked up by a boy, who ran after me with it, and whose 'honesty' I was glad to reward."

He then passes on to the next, and says, "Were you in the country last summer?"

"Yes, in a most lovely place, where it 'is' very mountainous."

To the next one he asks, "Are you fond of reading?"

"Oh, yes, it is one of 'the' sweetest pleasures."

To another, "Which do you prefer, summer or winter?"

"Both are so delightful, that I do not know which I like 'best.'"

To the last, "Can you tell me if there are any more words in this proverb?"

"I will give you the last word, but I would show greater 'policy' if I refuse to answer you."

The person must then guess it or forfeit, and the one whose answer first gave him the idea must take his turn of being guesser. If any are unable to bring in their word, they must likewise pay a forfeit. It is an extremely amusing game, from the laughable way in which some of the words are necessarily introduced.

The proverb should be a familiar one.

CRYING THE FORFEITS.

This is generally the merry time, and all are anxious to know their sentence and what they are to do to redeem their forfeited articles. To assist our young (and old?) friends we append a few.

We will suppose the momentous question has been asked, "Here is a pretty thing. What shall be done to the owner?" They may then be sentenced as follows:

Hop round the room three times without stopping.

Repeat the alphabet backwards.

Rub one hand on your forehead, and at the same time strike the other on the chest without changing the motion of either for an instant.

To keep silence and preserve a serious face for five minutes whatever your companion may do to cause you to laugh.

Pay a compliment, and undo it afterwards, to every one present.

Kiss yourself. This is done by kissing yourself in the looking-glass.

To be blindfolded, and fed with cold water till you guess who is feeding you.

Say five flattering things to the lady you love.

Call your true love's name up the chimney.

Bow to the prettiest, kneel to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love best.

Put two chairs back to back, take off your shoes, and jump over them. (The fun consists in a mistaken idea that the *chairs* are to be jumped over, whereas it is only the *shoes!*)

Kiss the candlestick. When ordered to do so, you politely request a lady to hold the candle for you. As soon as she has it in her hand she is supposed to be the candlestick, and you, of course, kiss her.

Take the blind man's choice. The one who is to pay a forfeit stands with the face to the wall; one behind makes signs suitable to a kiss, a pinch, and a box on the ear, and then demands whether the first, second or third be preferred; whichever it chances to be, is given.

"Poor Baby." (For a gentleman.) Let the wretched victim seat himself in the centre of the room, wrapped in a shawl. Then each lady in the company is to take him something in a spoon, and while feeding him speak to him in baby language, as "Tits-um-Wopsy-Wopsy! Take ums gruelly gruelly!"

The Old Bachelor. (For a gentleman.) Let the miserable being sit in the middle of the room, and while threading a needle continue to repeat, "Oh, the inconvenience of a single life!"

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance. The player whose forfeit is cried must take a lighted candle in his hand, and select some other player to be his squire, who takes hold of his arm, and they then go round to all the ladies in the company. It is the squire's office to kiss the hand of each lady, and after each kiss to wipe the knight's mouth with a handkerchief.

The Disappointment. A lady advances toward the penitent, as if to kiss him, and when close to him turns quietly around and allows the expected kiss to be taken by her nearest neighbor.

The Adept. Laugh, then *whistle;* cry, then *whistle;* cough, then *whistle.*

The Naturalist. Imitate six animals; the dog, the duck, the cuckoo, the crow, the donkey, and the *unicorn!* (The last is intended as a puzzler.)

Dance the Blind Quadrille. This is performed when a great number of forfeits are to be disposed of. A quadrille is danced by eight of the company with their eyes blindfolded, and as they are certain to become completely bewildered during the figures, it always affords infinite amusement to the spectators.

Sometimes two forfeits may be brought out together—a gentleman and a lady—to make the penalties more amusing, as for instance:

"Still We Are Not Happy." The gentleman must give the lady his arm, lead her around the room, stopping before each one of the company until a compliment has been paid them, as to their being a charming couple, etc. After each compliment the couple must exclaim, "Still I am not happy!"—commencing in a low key at first, gradually increasing in tone until the last compliment is paid, then "Still we are not happy!" is shouted at the top of their voices, and end with an embrace.

"I'm Not to be Sneezed At." Let the gentleman lead the lady around the room; both must stand before each one of the company and sneeze. The indignant rebuff from each of the company must be, "I'm not to be sneezed at."

A ROMANCE OF THE SCALPEL.

BY DR. A. M.

Many years ago a young American, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of adventure was strong upon him. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for subsistence, strong and healthy in body and in mind, he left with a bold heart, and this was the life he led, and what came of it.

At a time when the difficulty of procuring subjects for anatomical study was very great, and when to procure them honestly was impossible, as the prejudice against dissection was so strong that no one was willing to submit the body of any one connected with him to examination, it is well known that there were men who made it their business to obtain, at no small risk, bodies, generally those of the newly buried, which they sold to surgeons, medical students, or, indeed, to any one who stood in need of the ghastly commodity.

This class, known as "body snatchers" and "resurrection men," has died out, since there is happily now little prejudice against what has been triumphantly proved to be a necessary branch of scientific study; but at the time of our story their hideous work was a thriving and profitable one.

Richard Astley, in common with the rest of the profession, availed himself of their services, and many times in the black night his door was opened to those who did not knock, but who were expected and waited for, and who, entering silently, stealthily deposited a dread burden upon the table prepared for its reception. Old and young, men, women, and children, all in turn lay upon that grim table, and Astley's skillful scalpel cut its way to secrets that were destined to benefit the living.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Astley took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that light in the closed eyes, and color in the pale lips and cheeks, could make it lovelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long, fair lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet-tinted underlids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands, one of which hung down as she lay upon the table, were long and perfectly shaped.

As Astley lifted the hand to lay it on her breast, he thought how beautiful it must once have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose-tint to relieve the deathly pallor of it, it was so exquisite. She wore one garment, a long shroud, very straightly made, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done all others brought to him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But how could he rid himself of the lovely burden? It was possible that the men who had brought it might be bribed to take it back again, and if they should refuse— But he was incapable of distinct thought upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful *thing* before him should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and, locking the door of communication between his bedroom and the room in which it lay, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room.

Now it seemed to him that it glided in through the locked door, with hands folded on its breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bedside; and now the dream was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms, and that warm, living blood poured fast from it; and, finally, he woke with a cry of horror from a ghastly dream that he had entered the room, and found that some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he woke to know it was a dream, and, opening the door, he looked in upon the table. No change there of any kind. The long sheeted figure lay in the half light of dawn as he had seen it in the lamplight, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Astley raised the covering to look once again upon the beautiful dead face, and, when he did so, he saw with wonder, not unmixed with terror, that a change had come upon it. He could not tell what it might be. The deathly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked into it long and curiously. Surely a change had passed over the eyes, for, though they were still fast shut, they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death. He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger. There was not death in the eye. Unconsciousness, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours he strove to call back the spirit, until at length color returned, and warmth, and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and now sat by her side with a throbbing heart to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale, that he feared she was again about to fall into the strange deathly trance from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror of that he cried out for her to awake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and reassure her when she woke bewildered to find herself so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and reassuring than an infant too young to know its mother from any other woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost infantine, and her eyes resting upon Astley, she sat up in bed and asked him for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness, and neither anxiety or curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food which was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed, apparently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shroud, had not Astley persuaded her to lie down and sleep again.

He left her sleeping, and went to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was this beautiful woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, as it was clear that she did not remember anything which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return; the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot all the rest of her days.

His perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapped round in one of the bed-coverings, looking at him with a sweet, childish, vacant expression, that was touching in its helplessness. "I must call her something," he thought, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak; "her name shall be Mary."

"Are you better Mary, and will you sit in this chair?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the offered seat, and began silently rocking herself to and fro. It had such a ghostly effect to see her there by the lamplight, robed in the long white drapery, with her beautiful face still pale, though no longer deathly, rocking herself in silence, that Astley felt a sensation very like fear thrilling through him. He must do something, for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first that came to hand, and offered it to her.

She took it with a childlike smile, and laying it open upon her knees began to flutter the leaves backward and forward, playing idly with them.

"Good heavens!" said Astley, to himself, "she is mad, imbecile at any rate; I must do something with her."

But it was impossible to think with her before him, and taking her by the hand, he said:

"Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, and to-morrow——"

She did not wait for the end of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, and walked quietly back to the inner room.

Astley fastened the door and felt as if he were going mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the very first thing, and how were they to be procured without taking some one into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident then that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was equally evident that it must be a woman in whom he confided, as he required practical help of a kind no man could give him.

The morning dawned before he could arrange any settled plan, and finally he decided that he could not, if he would, rid himself of the charge of her, therefore she should remain in his house, and he would tell all to the woman who acted as his housekeeper, who chanced to be absent at the time. The woman returned early in the day, and Astley at once told her, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed at once to do everything that lay in her power for the unhappy girl, and a few arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night he found Mary comfortably clothed, and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him that she had been dressed like a child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all.

It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned, and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a gradual growth from infancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, blank vacancy of expression at Astley's approach, and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child. He devoted himself to her very tenderly, almost as a mother devotes herself to her child, and with infinite patience taught her to read and to write. She learned also to sew, and was not unskillful in such woman's craft; but what he taught her was learned quickest, best.

Two years passed, and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was much more like other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory of anything before her trance. Astley told her the whole story, and urged her to try and recall something of the time before, but it was in vain, her memory was clean gone. And the present time was so happy that they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life she owed to his care, and loved him so intensely, there being no one in the world whom she knew or loved beside, that he could not fail to be very happy; and the mystery of the bond between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still she lived in the same privacy as before; her husband and his love sufficed for everything, and she shrank from entering a world of which she knew nothing. Astley's acquaintance had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his society undesirable, and had fallen off one by one, leaving him none but a professional circle. He had the reputation of being skillful, and his practice was a large one; his spare hours were devoted to his home, which was his heaven.

Two more years passed, years of the most perfect happiness. Mary differed now in nothing from other women save for that blank existence of more than twenty years. Her memory of that time never returned. She lived entirely within doors. Astley had one evening taken her for a walk, and the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the streets had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experiment.

At times a longing to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of deceit, which it would involve, combined with her extreme aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought as dead to Astley's door, when walking one day in the streets of the city, he met an old friend whom he had not seen since his departure from his native land. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner. The invitation was cordially given and willingly accepted, and thinking to surprise his friend Andrew Holt by the sudden sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, picturing to himself what his astonishment would be when he saw her.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

ESTHER'S TRIALS.

BY S. W.

"Well, well! This seems hard, very hard, indeed; but it is God's will, and 'all things work together for good to them that love him.'"

With these words, the little woman folded the letter which she had just read, and laid it upon the mantle-shelf with a trembling hand.

Poor Esther!

Her father had died after three days of unconsciousness, leaving his family involved in pecuniary difficulties.

Her mother, who had been bedridden for a number of years, did not long survive the death of her husband.

With her head bent upon her knees, Esther pondered over the contents of the letter, and her slight form shook with a tremor of deep emotion. At length she arose, and tying on her bonnet, went out into the orchard.

Leaving her for a moment, we will take a peep at the letter on the mantel-shelf.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I suppose you are aware that, some time before his death, your father borrowed from me a sum of money, giving me as security a mortgage upon his farm. I saw your brother a few days ago, and told him that I was pressed for money, and would be obliged to sell the mortgage if he was unable to redeem it. He told me that he was not only unable, but unwilling to comply with my request, and certain circumstances, over which I had no control, have compelled me to dispose of the mortgage to a young man of my acquaintance for ready money. Hearing that this person intends settling on the farm immediately, I feel it my duty to notify you of the fact, and at the same time offer you a home in my family until you are able to procure a suitable situation.

"Yours, with respect. CHARLES ELLY."

Over the orchard into the meadow slowly walked Esther.

She was thinking of the olden days—the days of happy childhood—when she and Roger had scampered over that very meadow, and sat under the shade of yonder chestnut tree; and she wondered how Roger could have changed so much; and how a few years' residence in the city could have blotted out all the sunny memories that were now rushing back into her heart, and with all the yearning love of a sister for an only brother, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Roger! Roger!"

She thought, too, of Tom Wilson, the companion of all their rambles, the sharer of all their fun and frolic.

What of Tom?

Had he, too, forgotten?

Tom, who, in later years, had lightened for her many a household burden; who had wooed and won her, and whose wife she had promised to be in the golden years that were to come.

Surely he had not forgotten the past? although years ago he had gone out from her presence with a frown upon his brow because she could not, dared not, leave her sick mother, and accompany him.

She would have followed him to the ends of the earth but for the sacred charge that had been committed to her trust.

And she had never regretted the step she had taken.

Perchance, even now he was thinking of her, and deeply repenting of the hasty step which had divided them, perhaps forever.

Thus thought and reasoned Esther as she wandered from field to field, constantly discovering something that brought another pang to her heart; and it was not until the sun had set, and the shadows of evening were shrouding the landscape, that she thought of turning her steps toward home.

Home! It was no home of hers now. She had no place upon earth to call by that sweet name.

Henceforth strangers would gather round the old hearthstone, and strange voices would ring through the old cottage that had shielded and sheltered her infancy.

Thus soliloquizing, Esther did not observe a stranger who had been watching her for some time, and who, on seeing her come toward the orchard, had carefully let down the bars of the gate, and now stood waiting her approach.

With an exclamation of surprise, she started back, and gazed full on the intruder.

"Esther, don't you know me?"

Ah, yes, it needed not the broad glare of day to tell Esther who stood there.

"Oh, Tom!"

This was all she could utter.

He took her hand and led her to the seat under the old pear tree.

He told her how long and how bitterly he had repented of his conduct toward her; how utterly he had despised himself for his selfishness, and how shame and pride had so long kept him from acknowledging his fault and begging for her forgiveness.

He told her of all his wanderings, and how her spirit had followed him, and watched over him, and strengthened him.

How he had struggled, and toiled, and saved only for her, and now returned to cast himself upon her mercy, humbly and truly penitent.

And Esther was satisfied.

She spoke of all her trials and sorrows during these long years.

Of those who had been laid side by side in the little graveyard on the hill; of Roger's neglect and want of sympathy with her in all her deep afflictions.

Finally, she told him of the letter that had broken the last link of her earthly associations, and that she had just returned from bidding a silent farewell to the dear familiar haunts of childhood and youth.

Tom drew a paper from his pocket, and laid it upon her lap.

In the deepening twilight it was very difficult for Esther to make out its import, but she read enough to learn that it was the mortgage which her father had given to Mr. Elly, and the whole truth flashed across her mind.

"And so it is yours now?" she said.

"Not *mine*, but *ours*, darling.

It was quite dark when they parted, but the cloud that had hidden from Esther the bright sunshine of that glorious summer day, was lifted from her heart.

LET not sleep fall upon your eyes till you have thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which you have done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

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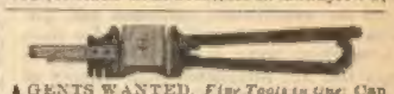

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

In reply to the expressed wishes of many of our correspondents concerning suggestions for street and house toilettes that can be "gotten up" out of last winter's skirts and polonaises, we have determined to devote a portion of this week's "Boudoir" to descriptions of such costumes. For instance, one correspondent writes us that she has a handsome black silk skirt with the flounces and other trimming worn out, while the foundation is still excellent; also, that her cashmere polonaise is not of a fashionable shape. Now, as many of our readers are doubtless in a similar condition, and in these hard times it well behooves all to practice the desirable virtue of economy, we suggest, *pro bono publico*, that, firstly, if the skirt is really a good one, buy seven or eight yards of new silk, matching as nearly as possible the silk of the skirt. Take out the back width, and put in a new plain width—two if the silk is ordinarily wide—line it with thin black crinoline, and set it on to the band in a triple box plait. Next trim the sides and front width at the bottom with a knife-edge plaiting five or six inches deep. The old back width will come in nicely here, for in these plaitings any imperfection or worn place may be concealed. Above place a shirring of four divisions, ending in a narrow frill at the bottom; above this two upright frills. Down each side width, just where the plain back width joins the side and front trimming, place a perpendicular puffing, with a ruffle on each side of it. Do not forget to fasten your box-plaited back widths by tapes sewed on at regular intervals on the under seams. So much for the underskirt. Now take your cashmere polonaise, if you have one, fasten it half way up the front with bows of ribbon, continuing the bows up to the neck. Loop it well up at the sides, and sufficiently at the back, just below the waist, to form a bouffante. Flat backs, devoid of the fullness which a tournure gives, are not fashionable. Draw back the front widths plainly, but easily, with tapes attached to the underseams. Alter the sleeves, if half flowing, to a plain coat-sleeve, and either add a pleated frill of cashmere or silk to fall over the wrist. Finish the neck with a round standing collar, ending in front with points turned over. If not already trimmed with lace, you will find your garment greatly improved by a finish of yak lace around the bottom, or else procure a sufficient quantity of cashmere—five yards will be ample—and make an apron overskirt and basque. Trim the former with bead passamenterie and yak lace. Finish at the back with a sash of silk, with loops and hanging ends. Make the basque plain, corded on the edge; sleeves after one of the many pretty models given in our columns from time to time. Trim with beaded passamenterie across the shoulders, to represent buckles, and across the sleeve horizontally. Last of all, tell us when you complete this rejuvenation of your cashmere whether the result be not entirely charming and satisfactory.

We must not forget to mention among the novelties in dress goods the striped and checked velvets which are being used for overdresses, cuirasses and polonaises. The stripes are wider than those which were in vogue some years ago, and are alternated with stripes of gros grain, from a half inch to two inches in width. Sometimes the design is in square blocks of velvet, upon a satin or gros grain surface. This fabric comes in all the dark mode colors, and, of course, in black. The suits are very stylish, when worn in conjunction with plain underskirts of velvet or gros grain. If a polonaise is made of the striped velvet, and trimmed with thread or guipure lace, the underskirt should be of plain uncut and untrimmed velvet. No costume could be more elegant. Sometimes the striped is used to trim a silk underskirt.

We noticed a plum-colored silk, with two bias flounces of striped, plum-colored velvet; an apron overdress, and cuirass basque of the velvet; sash of plain plum-colored velvet, with deep fringe on the ends.

There is a revival of the silver brocade, heavy enough to stand alone, which was so popular in the days of our grandmothers. An elegant dinner dress of black and silver brocade, in an arabesque pattern, was made with a long, full train. The front is trimmed at the bottom with a kilt pleating of black faille. The apron overdress was of black faille, cut in three pointed pieces, the middle one the widest, each fringed, and caught together by bows of faille; between the openings showed the brocade. Instead of a sash was a long piece of faille, pointed at the end, and reaching to the hem of the dress. It was caught in a pouf, just below the waist, and trimmed from thence downward with bows of faille; sleeves of faille, and cuirass basque of the brocade. A more elegant costume cannot well be imagined.

Cashmere or drap d'ete cloth sacques, flannel lined, and braided all over, and beaded, are very much worn. We noticed a beautiful costume of stone-colored cashmere, trimmed with bands of violet-colored velvet; the underskirt, walking length, with kilted flounce at the bottom, headed by two folds of violet-colored velvet; then a narrow, gathered flounce, and two more bands of velvet. Up the entire front width were alternate narrow flounces, and kilt pleatings, separated by bands of velvet. The overskirt consisted of two straight, plain widths of cashmere, attached to the side seams, from the waist half way down, the place of joining concealed by a pleating of cashmere and band of velvet. These widths were then caught up in a bouffante below the waist, and the square end and sides trimmed with bands of velvet. It was drawn back from the sides by tapes, and gracefully draped at the back.

A sacque of the cashmere, lined with flannel, and coming low over the hips, while the back and fronts were rather short, was made half tight fitting in the back, trimmed around the edge with velvet, while the sleeve-cuffs, and square side-pockets, collar for the neck, were of velvet. A muff of velvet and gray cloth, and a hat of gray felt, trimmed with violet velvet and ostrich tips of the same color, completed one of the most *recherche* toilettes for the promenade we have lately seen.

Have any of our readers tried the new gossamer waterproof cloth? We hear on all sides praise of its good qualities, and it is said to be entirely impervious to rain. The lightness of the garment, when made up even with a cape attached, is almost incredible—ten to twelve ounces is the ordinary weight of a long full cloak of it; and after the weight of an old-fashioned waterproof garment, the relief of wearing it can well be imagined. The material is said to be a mixture of Scotch gingham and silk, covered with a thin coating of rubber. As a summer wrap for protection against rain, it will also be found invaluable.

We referred not long ago to the fancy that Worth seemed to have for reviving Scotch plaids, and using them for street costumes. While it is a fashion that our own taste cannot approve, yet others may feel differently, and for their benefit we give a few hints concerning such costumes. The least objectionable are the black and white. For instance, as we have seen, an underskirt of plaid trimmed with kilt pleatings of the same at the bottom, above a knife-blade pleating of black cashmere; then a bias puff and standing ruffle of plaid. Overdress of black cashmere, simple deep apron with sash ends. Cuirass basque of cashmere, sleeves of the plaid. Black felt hat, with black and white wing, and black ostrich tip.

Ornaments for the hair, such as an ostrich tip or cluster of rosebuds, are worn high up, either directly on top or a little to the left side.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. A. WARDEN (Gilboa, Ohio).—Sent paper patterns by mail, 24th inst.

MISS NELLIE W. (Jewell, Kansas).—Sent samples by mail, 24th inst. Hope you received them safely.

MISS BLANCHE W.—You can wear a very plain coiffure if you please. Let the entire part on top of the head be seen, wave the hair on each side, and draw back in loose folds. Plait the back hair in one large braid and tie low down. For the house, you can wear a loose loop of hair behind, instead of a braid. Going out into the air tumbles it too much, and gives an unneat appearance. If your forehead is high, wear frizzes low down on it—either of your own hair or false. If the latter, wear a crown braid and fasten the frizzes under it. A half-blown rose or ostrich tip is worn for evening coiffure, high upon the left side.

NINON.

TAKING OFF THE SHOES.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is, that their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in the Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor, so that it would not be decent or respectful to walk in with dirty shoes and spoil the sijjady on which they kneel to pray. They have no mat or scrapers, and it is much cheaper and simpler to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go to Syrian school-houses, and see the piles of boots and shoes at the door. There are new, bright-red shoes, and old, tattered kob-kobs, and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, and then down they go on their noses, and the kob-kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali or Usef, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya imme! ya imme!"—"oh, my mother!"—and cries out, just like children in other countries.

But the funniest part of it is to see the boys when they come out of school, and try to find their shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When the school is out the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob-bobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked, and hair pulled, and tarbooshes thrown off, and a great screaming follows, which will only cease when the teacher comes with "Asa," or a stick, and quells the riot.

That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many schoolboy-fights and bruised noses and hard feelings in Syria. You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes. The boys often do wear off each other's shoes by mistake, or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on, and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and cursing Ibrahim's father, grandfather, and all his family, until he receives back his lost property.

FALSEHOOD.—Indulgence in falsehood supplies those who are addicted to it with a plausible apology for every crime, and with a supposed shelter from punishment. It tempts them to rush into danger from the mere expectation of impunity; and when practised with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effects of which there is, in their imaginations, at least, a sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth; it blasts the fairest blossoms of genius; and will, most assuredly, concentrate every effort by which we may hope to improve the talents and mature the virtues of those whom it infects.

TRUE AND FALSE MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to good reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

DEEP learning will make you acceptable to the learned; but it is only an easy and obliging behavior and entertaining conversation that will make you agreeable in all companies.

NONE but those who keep up appearances against heavy odds can understand what servitude pretence imposes upon the sensitive soul. The sting of confessed poverty is not nearly so burning as is the reality of being poor while seeming to be rich.

CHRISTMAS IS COME.

BY A. SMITH.

The old north breeze through the skeleton trees
Is chanting the year out drearily,
But loud let it blow, for at home we know
That the dry logs crackle cheerily,
And the frozen ground is in fetters bound,
But pile up the wood we can burn it,
For Christmas is come, and in every home
To summer our hearts can turn it.
Here's happiness to all, abroad and at home,
Here's happiness to all, for Christmas is come.

And far and near o'er landscape drear,
From casements brightly streaming,
With cheerful glow on the fallen snow
The ruddy light is gleaming,
The wind may shout as it likes without,
It may bluster, but never can harm us.
For a merrier din shall resound within,
And our Christmas feelings warm us.
Here's happiness to all, abroad and at home,
Here's happiness to all for Christmas is come.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

No. 8—STEALING HORSES.

Our attitudes were not picturesque; our position far from poetical or enviable. For more than half an hour we had been scratching our faces and pricking our hands by crawling among the ferns and bristling bushes, advancing upon we knew not what, endeavoring to make out the origin of some sounds which had disturbed our resting and dozing faculties.

Basil was even then, prospectively, a granger, for his hair was powdered with hay and other seeds, and our moustaches and the gold tassels of our official chapeaux wore more than a widow's weeds.

"It's one of those rascally night birds," avowed Basil, in some vengefulness of manner, "and for this reason have I allowed these condemned brumbies to outline a pretty smart imitation of the map of Australia on my nose and cheeks!"

I chuckled like a bullfrog, as I realized that I, also, had capes, coasts, promontories, and bays, done in red on my own visage. Then I returned, in a decided manner:

"No, Basil; those were human tones, but I am afraid that we did not make out the exact direction of them."

After crawling about for half an hour, we concluded to turn in our tracks and get back to our starting-point. Only our extremely dangerous locality prevented some emphatic and inelegant expressions at our fruitless exploit. I did mutter my disgust at our illustration of one of Shakespeare's plays—"Much Ado About Nothing"—but, as we again came up to the clump of acacias where we had halted for the night's rest, we were momentarily deprived of speech. Our horses were gone!

"I swear," aspirated Basil, with his droll humor, "if I wouldn't have given a dollar to see that thing done. It is legerdemain."

"Not a crackle of the bushes to betray them. It's dowaright, civilized horse stealing."

"What are we going to do?"

"A hard question. Here we are more than twenty miles from the outpost, and must be in by sunrise to start with the gang for Botany Bay. I swear, this is serious!"

"Not laughable, at all," was the response, as we sat down for a moment under the ferns. But, as there were no points in the case to argue, we mighty soon summed up the only conclusion to be arrived at—to push forward as rapidly as possible on foot.

The night was peculiarly trying in its character—still as death, and dark as the tomb—but, knowing the country quite well, we made considerable progress in the next three hours, moving cautiously, however, with our carbines lying in the hollow of the left arm, and our right hands held for instant action.

Suddenly Basil halted me. His eye had caught the twinkle of a light somewhere to the left of us. It might be a firefly, for he lost it the instant that he saw it; but I suggested that we should step back a yard or two, and, mayhap, come within range again. Acting upon the idea, we found the light stationary, but fitful. We knew that there were no shepherds' cabins within a dozen miles of us, so, with the utmost caution, we moved forward—on, and on, and on. The light had been more than three miles distant when we discovered it, and as we neared it, one moment we lost it, and the next it could be seen, owing to the broken nature of the ground over which we were passing. By and by it was gone altogether, either extinguished, or our course had been so altered that it had got beyond our range of vision. As we came up to this woody district, knowing our liability to stumble upon a camp of bushwhackers, we had to keep every faculty on the alert.

Directly the stamping of horses warned us of our proximity to friend or foe, and dropping down again among the ferns, we crept forward, peering to the right and the left of us, listening and drawing near the dull echoes of the restless, treading feet.

Creeping at last through a tangled clump of bush we discovered two men, wild and ferocious of aspect, armed to the teeth almost, engaged in devouring their evening repast. The remains of a kangaroo lying near showed from whence they had derived their roast. They sliced their venison with huge knives, from the murderous blades of which the bloody juices of the half raw meat dripped over and through their fingers. Their fierce visages were so stained and weather-beaten that we could not guess at their nationality, but their accoutrements bespoke their occupation—that of the maurauding, murderous outlaw.

With ungovernable fascination we watched their ravenous, wolfish manner of tearing and swallowing the meat, but as they drew the huge knives up and down their leggings and significantly thumbed the points we bethought us that it was time to say adieu to the scene. With the most extreme care we retreated, and moved off and around toward the horses.

As events afterwards developed, I do not understand why the animals should have allowed us to creep up to them, seize and mount them, without giving us any trouble. They had been slightly hobbled and were cropping some sort of feed, and we had mounted and ridden them off from the freebooters' camp perhaps for the distance of a long gunshot ere trouble began. I was just concluding that the animals had been stolen and stolen until they had learned to accept the last rider as master, when the beast ridden by Basil gave the most accursed yell—the trumpeting of the archangel could have astonished and horrified us but little more—and I now discovered to my utter consternation that the clouds had lifted and rolled themselves together while our minds had been too intensely occupied to notice the alteration, and a moon, with a huge gouge in the side, to be sure, but nevertheless entirely too much moon for the occasion, had swept the cobwebs from her face and was surging up the sky.

No sooner had that fiendish brute emitted her trumpet call than her master gave reply in a clear, wild cry. Then began the greatest performance ever enacted before such a meagre audience. It was a war between man and beast. The creature seemed to feel under oath to return to his master, and Captain Basil meant *no*. With the strong green-hide bridle wound tightly around the shaggy neck and the red mouth distended to its utmost he sought to whirl toward the echoing yells of his savage master, while Basil drove the rowels into his quivering flanks and drew him the other way. Round and round, up and down, the fiendish steed churned the resolute and intrepid rider. Now bolt upright, plunging on his hind feet, he shook, and champed his teeth, and squealed, threatening each instant to fall over backwards and crush his rider to death; now lifting his heels so fiercely that it seemed as if he must tear in twain the strong muscles, he punched the ground with his nose and knees—in modern parlance, actually walking off on his ears—and Captain Basil, now hugging him so desperately with his thighs and with his left hand wound in with the tight reins and the abundant mane, spurs him madly with the knife in his right hand.

My own beast, or the one upon which I am mounted, feels the other's example, and whirls, and jumps, and doubles himself, but holds a healthier opinion of the rattling spurs, and behaves with decency under their nudges. My own life probably depended upon it, but had the fate of the universe depended upon my breaking away from the fascination of that scene I could not have moved off. I knew what was coming. I knew what was near us—death from the outlaws' weapons. I saw them both when they broke the cover of the bush; I also saw the moonlight glistening on Captain Basil's gilt hat-band and military buttons. Of course I offered as good a target. I assure you that military display—military buttons—were at a discount with me. I tried to hold my horse up until I could steady my arm to fire, but it was impossible. The moonlight found metal about them, likewise, long, level bars of polished steel.

Basil, too, has seen this. For the first time, now he utters a hoarse shout, and pricks again with his knife.

A sharp report from the outlaw's rifle.

"God!" I exclaim, "it is all up," as I see Basil throw up his arm; but no, the motion is to again goad the infernal beast.

You wonder why we did not ride back and benefit by our advantage, being two to two, and we mounted. I will tell you the reason. Although neither of us has had breath to cry a warning to the other, the night, lightened up by the moon, has shown us a cloud of dust rolling up on the sandy barren. We understand the prolonged, peculiar yell of the outlaws' stentorian throats. Back there is the rendezvous of the freebooters; these two were waiting for the others to come up. I tell you, it is seldom that mortal man is in such dire extremity as we were, fighting away our last moments of time, and yet, from the instant that we had landed upon the animals' backs, I do not think that the idea had presented itself to either mind to dismount and endeavor to skulk away into the "bush."

On they came, and there is but one chance left. I remember how these half wild horses are startled and influenced by the yells of their savage riders. I gather in the night air to the utmost capacity of my lungs, and emit so wild and fierce a yell, that my own ears are worried and astonished, and dashing close upon Captain Basil, I smite the creature with the haft of my knife, continuing my dreadful cry until my head swam, and the plain seemed to heave and fall in billows. My inspiration was a success. The tractable steed which I bestrode, urged by the spur, leaped to the race for life, and close up, with wide-open, foaming mouth and flying heels, the mad horse of Captain Basil thundered in the race. Historic Mazeppa never trod the earth with such furious strides as that infernal steed. A score of impossible legends flashed through my brain, prominent among them were recollections of the Centaurs. Captain Basil was known as the most elegant rider in the country, and he held his laurels that night, but there were more than average horsemen coming after—only the different objects, etc., actuating the two parties, could balance the winning power. The pursued had life at stake; the pursuers, simply booty and murder. I knew that they were gaining on us; I did not turn, but I could tell it by the intonation of their savage whoops. Then came a shot and another, and for an instant Basil's steed stood bolt upright, then on again with such increased fury that my own noble animal stretched her delicate limbs to her utmost to keep abreast of him.

After that leap we distanced them in turn. For something more than twelve miles we drove this lightning express, then our nearness to the outpost warned the outlaws to turn from the chase.

About this time two other actors appeared upon the scene. They passed over an eminence about two miles in advance, at a good steady gallop.

"I will be shot," exclaimed Captain Basil, holding up for a moment; "if there don't go our own animals in advance of us;" and as if we had not already been pummeled enough, we started on a stern chase. He brought them up within two miles of the station by a shot from his carbine. They proved to be two petty officials from a post farther up, who, crossing the country on foot, had stumbled upon our steeds, and taking it for granted that they belonged to the outlaws whose camp-fire they had discovered, and whose voices we had heard close to us, only we had crept off in the wrong direction, they thought to do a fine exploit by appropriating two of their animals.

Captain Basil pointedly rebuked them, by saying that he should prefer to *buy* instead of stealing horses in the future.

I proposed that his animal should be christened Mazeppa, and he exclaimed:

"Not if you gave him a new bridle should he wear that hackneyed name. I shall sprinkle his wounded flanks with water, and he shall be called Boanerges."

Since that adventure, I confess to a lively and healthy horror of horse stealing.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—Four copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight* copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

*** In ordering, the name, with Post-office address, County and State, should be plainly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Margaretta. The Way All Go. An Error of Judgment. Betrayed Thanksgiving. Nellie's Thanksgiving.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

J. C. L.—The first-class fare to San Francisco from New York is $140; emigrant fare, $60.

H. C.—The quotation "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none on't," you will find in the fourth act of Shakespeare's Macbeth.

BEGINNER.—We can send you two works which will be of great use to you. "The Art of Sketching," and "Art of Crayon Drawing," for 75 cents each.

J. I. DAVIS.—Marshal Bazaine, by the aid of his wife, escaped from the Island of Sante-Marguerite, in the Mediterranean, on the 9th of August, 1874.

FORREST (Cambridge, Ohio).—We can send you both the books you want for $3.50; $1.00 for the "Chatterbox" for 1874, and $2.50 for the other. If you remit at once, they will be in time.

R. H. A.—The first Thanksgiving Proclamation ever issued in the United States was issued by President Washington on October 3d, 1789, setting apart Thursday, the 26th day of November, in that year, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer.

O. C. F.—"Can you inform me what was the cost of the new Masonic Temple in Philadelphia? The amount has been so variously stated that I should like to know which is the true one." The entire cost, including the site, was about a million and a half of dollars ($1,500,000).

T. S. E.—The rule for finding out when it will be leap-year is as follows: Every year the number of which is divisible by four without a remainder is a leap-year, except the last year of the century, which is a leap-year only when divisible by four hundred without a remainder.

INDIGNANT.—You have most certainly a right to ask the reason of his absence for so long a time, and if he really has any regard for you he will satisfy you on the subject. Love admits many excuses, and if the young man gives a fair explanation, you may forgive him this once.

M. F. W.—For your congratulations on our success, and on the improved appearance of the POST, we thank you. We are sorry that you are tantalized by the weekly endings of our serials, but romance writers almost invariably make it a rule to end their weekly instalments at an interesting point.

ARKANSIAN.—We did not preserve the enigma you sent us so long ago, because the answer was not sent along with it. But if you rewrite it and send it complete, and if it is not too long, we shall be glad to give it a place in the "Sphinx" column. 2. We do not profess to give any advice upon culinary matters, such being entirely beyond our province.

VESTA AND HEBE seem to present a Siamese twin-like resemblance. If they, or *she*, will read "An Old Man's Darling," we think a satisfactory solution will be found to that question upon which we are charged "to think solemnly, and remember that the whole future hangs on your answer." Failing this, a personal interview could alone warrant us in deciding so momentous a question, "the soonest possible."

S. O. E.—The best way for a young man to do, who has quarreled with his family, and has found out that he was in the wrong, and is sorry for his ill conduct, is to say so frankly to those with whom he wishes to be reconciled. To a rightly constituted mind, there is nothing in the least humiliating in the frank and manly confession of a fault. The meanest people are the most unwilling to make such confessions, and the noblest souls are the most willing to make them.

C. W. F.—We must really decline entering into any discussion or dissertation on the question regarding the creation of the world, sun, moon and stars, that you have put to us. We can give you no more satisfactory reply "than you have been able to get from the other persons whom you have asked on the subject." 2. We cannot select a trade for you; there are other considerations to be taken into account beside mere age, such as aptitude, health, means, education, etc.

DESPERATE.—It strikes us that you are too impetuous and not over maidenly in encouraging and confessing, as you do to us, such a violent preference for a young man who is comparatively a stranger to you, and who has as yet given you no reason whatever to think that he cares for you more than for any other young lady. You will have to have patience and wait till he declares himself. It is not yet the fashion, fast as the age is, for young ladies to "pop the question."

IGNORANT.—At the memorable Continental Congress which assembled on the 5th of September, 1774, in Philadelphia, New Hampshire was duly represented, your authority to the contrary notwithstanding. Fifty-three delegates appeared from twelve of the colonies, Georgia alone being unrepresented. 2. We know nothing regarding the petrified forest you refer to. 3. It would take up more space than we can afford to give you "the different forms of governments of all the countries in the world."

M. B.—We cannot just at this moment tell you what is the pay of a private soldier in all the different branches of the English army, but we can tell you "what is the highest amount paid to a private soldier." It is in the Household Cavalry, in which the privates receive two shillings and a farthing per day, equal to nearly sixty cents of our money, together with rations of bread and meat. In the cavalry of the line, privates receive one shilling and two pence per day, equal to thirty cents, and rations of bread and meat.

NANA SAHIB.—"Please tell me what is the extent of the English possessions in the East Indies, as a friend to whom I was trying to give some idea of its size would not believe me, and we agreed to ask you." In size, British India is slightly less than the whole of Europe, leaving out Russia; while in population it exceeds that of all Europe. It cannot be estimated at less than 140,000,000 of people, and we may set down from 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 more for the so-called Independent States of India. England thus rules over a population of 220,000,000 in her Eastern Empire.

S. E. E.—The first steam engine imported to this country was a "Newcomer," for the Passaic, New Jersey, copper mines, 1736; the second engine was built by Christopher Colles, of Philadelphia, in 1772, for a distillery. 2. The first steamboat in the Mississippi Valley was the "Orleans," built in Pittsburgh in 1811, 100 tons; but Fitch had a steamboat on the Delaware as early as 1786, and Rumsey another on the Potomac in 1785. 3. The first railway in this country was the Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1826; the Baltimore and Ohio was the first passenger railway, 1830.

MECHANIC.—The fund to which you refer is doubtless one that was formed from a bequest of $4,445 made by Benjamin Franklin, in 1788, to Philadelphia, a like sum being at the same time bequeathed to Boston. These sums were to be loaned in small sums to married mechanics to assist them in starting in business, the interest to be compounded for one hundred years; at the end of which time the accumulated funds should be appropriated to certain public improvements. In Philadelphia, the original sum has increased to $46,135; while in Boston, it amounted, on January 1st, 1874, to $182,278.

LOUIS.—You ask us what would be a nice Christmas present for you to make to "a certain young lady." A great deal depends on your own taste and that of the young lady. To some an article of jewelry, such as a locket, earrings, chain, brooch, or ring, is most acceptable, others give a preference to books; in such a case we would suggest your subscribing for the POST for a year, to be sent to her. We do not think that this can be surpassed as a gift, and it has this advantage, that it will be as good as making her fifty-two presents in a year, as each time she receives it, every week, it will cause her to remember the donor.

OLD BACHELOR.—There is no "impropriety" in your visiting your lady friends and acquaintances occasionally, and even to walk out with them, and sometimes take them to places of amusement, as you have been doing, even if you have no intention or desire of marrying any one of them. But you must take care, however, that your visits and friendly attentions do not become too marked toward any one particular lady friend, but divided impartially and without any favor indiscriminately. We will allow that this is rather a difficult matter to accomplish, and you must make up your mind that some busybody or other will be gossiping about you. People will talk, you know, and there is no use trying to prevent it.

A. D.—Bashfulness, shyness and a scarcity of subjects to converse upon, ought not to be grouped together in a demand for a remedy; because bashfulness and shyness may arise in society, whereas the absence of conversational powers may be the result of want of information. To conquer bashfulness, mix as much as possible in society; endeavor to feel at home; ponder beforehand on whatever you are about to say; do nothing in a hurry, and study to avoid placing yourself in any position of awkwardness. A knowledge of the current topics of the day, the reading of the newspapers, a glance over literary journals, and a careful attention to the discourse of others, are indispensable for one who wishes to take part with ease in the conversation of the company among whom he may be thrown.

C. M. P. (Bangor, N. Y.)—"I am told that there is a nautical school being about to be established in New York city for boys under fifteen years of age, and it being just the very kind of school I should like to get into, I should be ever so much obliged to you if you would tell me what are the conditions on which boys are received into it." In the first place, it is indispensable that you have the written consent of your parents or guardians. Also, that you be of sound constitution, that you evince some aptitude or inclination for a sea-life. When a pupil has passed successfully through the prescribed term, from eighteen months to two years, he will be awarded a certificate bearing his rating and general character, which will always insure him employment. On leaving the school, efforts will be made to obtain for boys holding certificates positions on board the best ships sailing out of New York.

COUNTRYMAN.—"Supposing that a child is born in England, or anywhere in Europe, of American parents while traveling abroad, would he be considered a citizen of the United States, and be entitled to all the rights and privileges of a citizen, or would he be considered an Englishman?" We have an idea that we have answered this question, or something very like it, at least once before, but we will again say that by an act of Congress, dated February 10th, 1855, it is decided that persons born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, whose fathers, at the time of the birth of such persons, are citizens of the United States, shall be deemed citizens of the United States. Such persons, however, must come to the United States and establish a residence here, or else their descendants will lose the right of citizenship.

A. H.—"What is a certain and innocent remedy for preventing the growth of hair on one's arms? As I am engaged to be married, and want to appear well in my husband's eyes, I would like very much to get rid of this intolerable nuisance." We could give you a dozen recipes for depilatories, but as none of them are "innocent," and many of them which are commonly used are positively dangerous, we cannot conscientiously do so, and must, therefore, advise you to let your arms alone as they are. Try what you will, the hair will grow again, as the effect of all depilatories are the same exactly as that of a razor, the root and that part implanted within the skin being not destroyed and ready to shoot up with increased vigor as soon as you stop using the depilatory. We are sure that you do not require any such artificial means to appear "well" in your husband's eyes; be true to yourself, and that is all that you need to be "perfection" to him.

ANNIE.—The story of Hero and Leander that you wish to know about is one of the most pathetic in antiquity. Leander is said to have swam nightly across the Hellespont, the present Bosphorus, to meet his affianced bride Hero, a priestess of Venus, who was accustomed to place a light in the window of her tower to guide her lover in his perilous trip. But one night a tempest arose, and the sea was rough, he failed to see the accustomed token, and his strength failing, he was drowned. Poor Leander was found in the morning extended lifeless at the foot of the very tower in which Hero lived, and in her despair she cast herself down into the sea and also perished. The story of Leander's swimming the Hellespont was looked upon as fabulous, till Lord Byron proved its possibility by performing it himself. The distance in the narrowest part is almost a mile, and there is a constant current setting out from the Sea of Marmora into the Archipelago. Since Byron's time the feat has been achieved by others.

GERMANDE.—"Can you tell me what are 'truffles,' and where and how they are found?" The truffle is a fungus which grows entirely beneath the ground, but which is yet made the subject of a curious sort of culture in Italy, Spain, and part of France. It is not sown, but grows "promiscuously" beneath white and red oak and filbert trees only. These trees are planted specially with a view to truffles. The sixth year after the planting of the trees the truffles begin to appear, and the seventh year remunerates the truffle farmer for all his patience and labor. Then the harvests occur. As the crop gives no sign of its presence above the surface, it is sought for by trained sows, which, in the season, are led forth accompanied by the farmer with a bag of acorns, a spare bag for the truffles and a short stick. The sow scenting the coveted vegetable roots for it. A blow on the snout with the stick drives her away at the moment when an ebony-black truffle appears. A few acorns appease her moderate appetite. The prize is cast into the bag, and once more the sow proceeds on her search.

I. F.—Strong, powerful in flight, free and independent in his habits, a type of magnanimity and forbearance, the bald-headed eagle of America is the chosen emblem of the United States. Franklin said in one of his letters: "For my part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character, he does not get his living honestly." After alluding to his tyranny over the fish hawk, he continues: "With all this injustice he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little king bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the king birds from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights whom the French call "*Chevaliers d'industries*." Audubon, in his reasons for naming this bird the "Washington Eagle," says: "Washington was brave, so is the eagle; like it, too, he was the terror of his foes, and his fame extending from pole to pole resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has reason to be proud of Washington, so has she reason to be proud of her great eagle."

MISCELLANEOUS.—J. M.—Perfect cleanliness in respect to the teeth is the best preventative of decay, but in numerous instances nothing will stop the decay of teeth. F. R. W.—Have nothing to do with the scheme in question. A. C. P.—As you and the young lady are both too young for marriage, you can well afford to wait for a few years; time is apt to set things right which nothing else can harmonize. E. C.—It is possible to learn French without a master, but the time it would take depends upon your powers of acquisition and application. D. K. H.—The gentleman should be introduced to the lady, and not the lady to the gentleman. L. M.—The word "Cosmetic" is applicable to any external application employed for the purpose of preserving or restoring personal beauty.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*